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THE
ROSEBUD

W
H
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1920



THE ROSEBUD



1920



This being the Ninth Annual Published by the W, H, S,

DEDICATION

We think you know, dear reader,
If you have done your share
To lighten just a little bit
The load we had to bear.
To those of you who were so kind
As to aid us with your favors,
To you we write this little line
To dedicate our labors.

FOREWORD

Into this volume has gone the best thoughts and ideas of school life. The Senior Class has endeavored to make this annual well worth reading and to present to you in as interesting a way as possible a few of the many incidents of our school life and the things the Waterloo High is doing for the students. We shall feel amply repaid if, in reading the book, you can catch our meaning and derive therefrom some real, sincere pleasure.

THE EDITOR.

THE ROSEBUD STAFF

Robert Widdicombe - Editor-in-Chief
Ross Myers - - Business Manager

Society

Zedalethean Ciceronian
Ayleen Warner Mildred Markley

Music and Art

Irene Frick Maude Brechbill

All Sorts

Ruth Price Ruth Shippy

Athletics

John Forney Wilma Clark

Calendar

Lois Arthur



W. SCOTT FORNEY
Superintendent



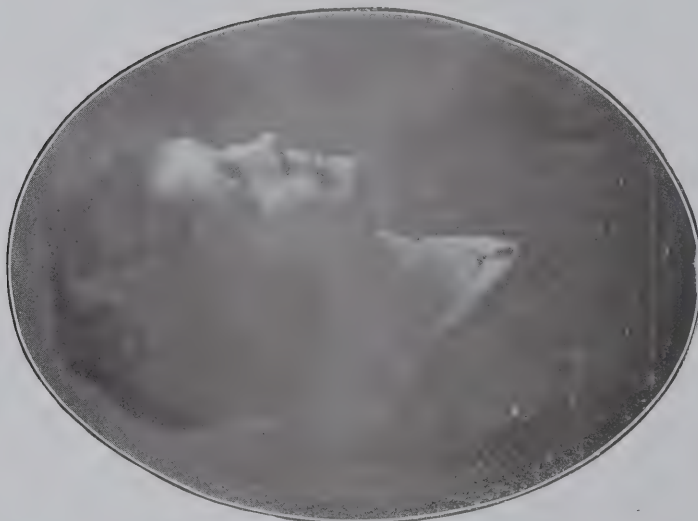
MISS MILDRED KROFT
Principal



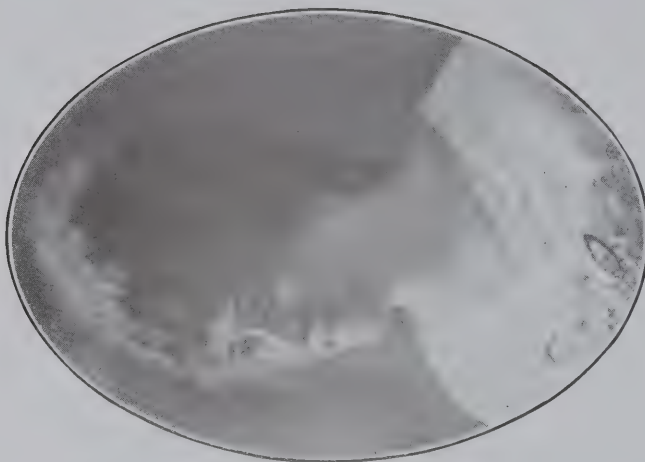
MR. CLARENCE GREEN
Assistant Principal



MR. C. A. WOODCOX
Music-Manual Training



MISS LENORE FRANZ
Domestic Science



MRS. LYNN REED
Art



MRS. W. H. ETTINGER
Seventh and Eighth Grades



MR. LYNN ARTHUR
Fifth and Sixth Grades



MRS. JAMES BOOSER
Second Grade

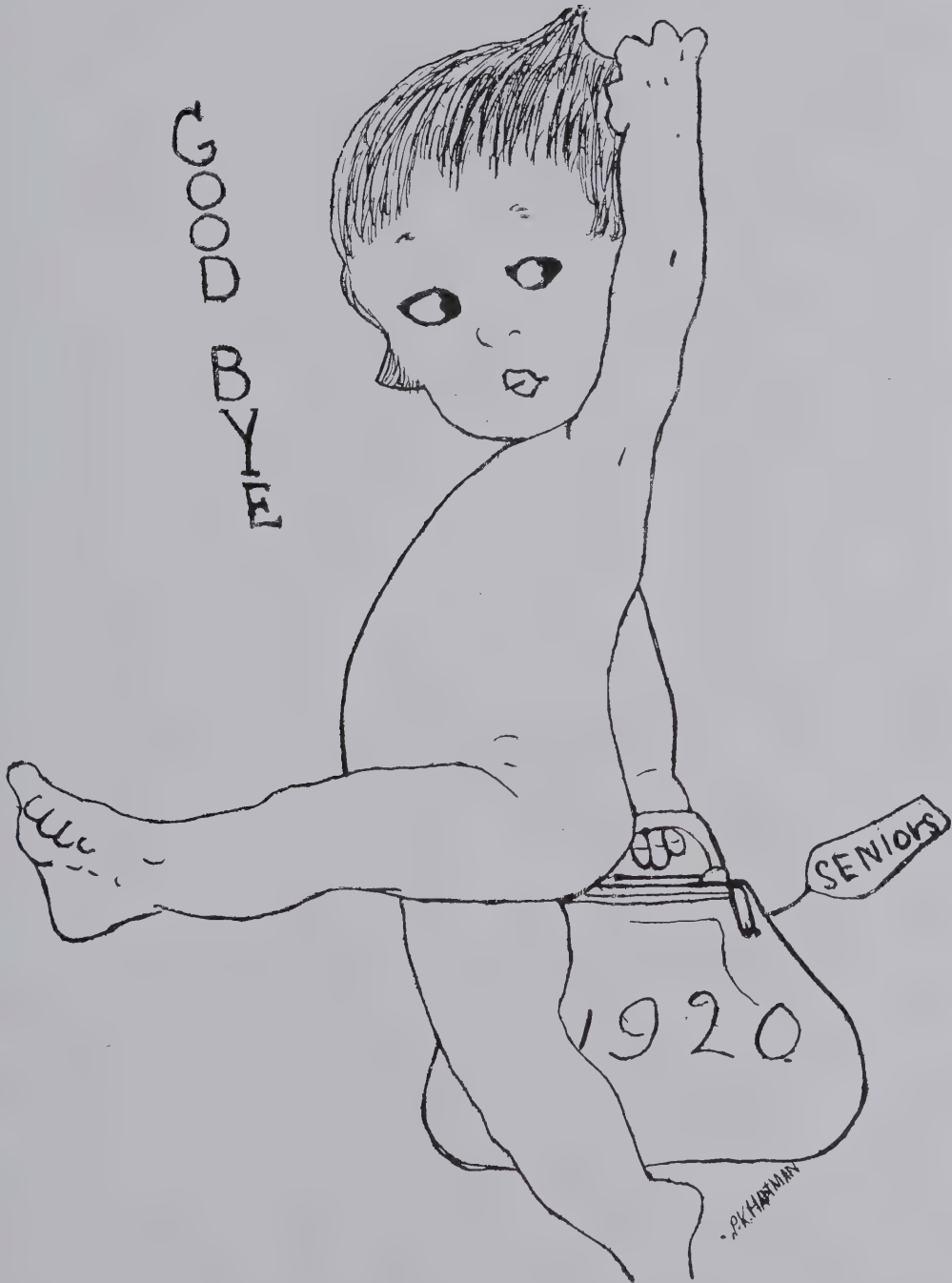


MISS FAYE TILL
Third and Fourth Grades



MISS ERMA HOLLOPETER
Primary

DOOG
BY
FLY



SENIOR CLASS ORGANIZATION

President	-	-	Anona Bensing
Vice President	-	-	Lois Arthur
Secretary and Treasurer	-	-	Opal Fretz
Class Poet	-	-	Ayleen Warner
Historian	-	-	Helen DeLong

Motto

"What we are to be, we are now
beginning."

Colors

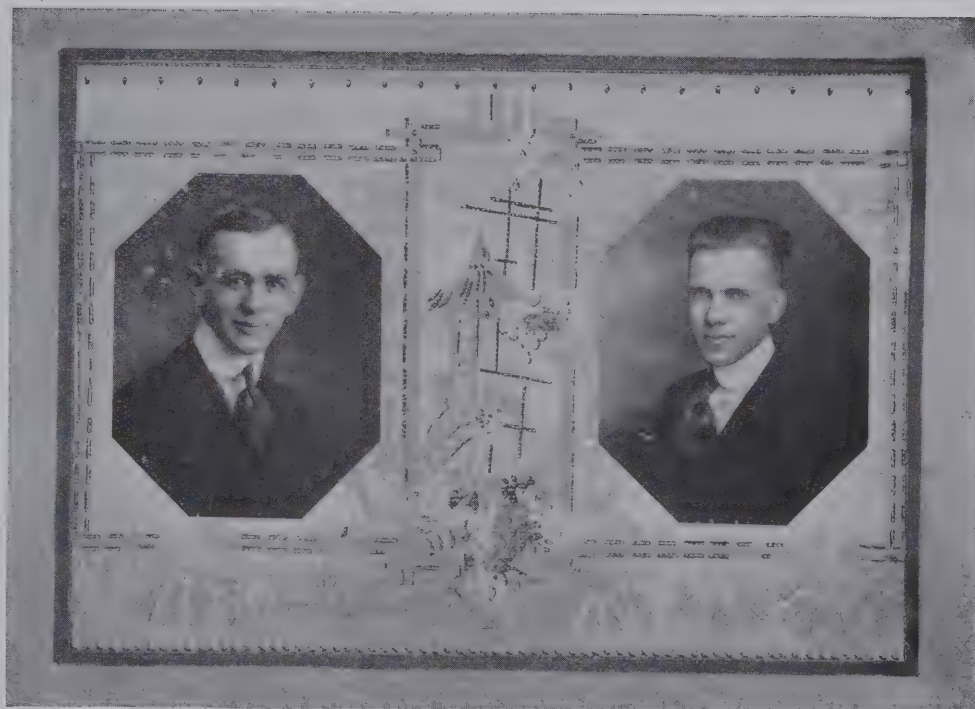
Royal Purple, Gold and Black.

Flower

Violet

Class Roll

Celestian Royal	Ross Myers
Lois Arthur	Ruth Price
Opal Fretz	Mildred Markley
Maude Brechbill	Anona Bensing
Alice Sherwood	Dessa DeLong
Blanche Melton	Carrie Oster
Clyde Fales	Ruth Shippy
Wilma Clark	Velma Wertenbarger
Irene Frick	Ayleen Warner
Helen DeLong	Helen Hawk
	Robert Widdicombe



ROSS M. MYERS

August 5, 1901
 Ashland County, Ohio
 Business Manager Rosebud
 President C. L. S. 1920
 Secretary C. L. S. 1918
 Class President 1917
 Basket Ball Team

A little nonsense, now and then,
 We welcome in the best of men;
 He's no sinner nor no saint, perhaps,
 But just the very best of chaps.

ROBERT C. WIDDICOMBE

December 8, 1899
 Altamont, New York
 Editor Rosebud
 Pres'dent Z. L. S. 1920
 Secretary Z. L. S. 1917
 Class President 1917

A woman may be fair of face,
 And she may be full of grace,
 But if she be not fair to me,
 What care I how fair she be?



CELESTIAN J. ROYAL

March 2, 1901.
New Bavaria, Ohio.
Ciceronian.

Reign thou apart, a quiet king.

AYLEEN L. WARNER

July 25, 1901.
Kane, Pa.
Vice President Z. L. S. 1920
Class Poet 1920.

She had a voice distinct and sweet
And her ability can't be beat.

IRENE A. FRICK

Sept. 9, 1900.
Waterloo, Indiana.
Class President 1918.
President Z. L. S. 1920.
Vice President Z. L. S. 1919.

She that is ever fair and never
proud.

RUTH E. PRICE

February 16, 1903.
Waterloo, Indiana.
President C. L. S. 1920.
Secretary C. L. S. 1918.

And like a lily on a river floating,
She floats on the river of our
thoughts



OPAL K. FRETZ

May 23, 1901.
Waterloo, Indiana.
Secretary and Treasurer Z. L. S.
1919.
Class Secretary and Treasurer
1920.

Her voice is like a thousand
tongues
Of silver fountains gurgling clear.

MAUDE R. BRECBILL

July 20, 1901.
Corunna, Indiana.
Ciceronian.

Too good to err,
Too meek to be unkind.

MILDRED MARKLEY

September 22, 1902.
Helmer, Indiana.
Ciceronian.

Let every man mind his own
business.

BESSA DELONG

September 7, 1902.
Corunna, Indiana.
Ciceronian.

None but she and Heaven knows
Of what she's thinking.



HELEN DELONG

January 1, 1903.
Corunna, Indiana.
Zedalethean.
Basket Ball Team.

Happiest of all is that her gentle
spirit
Commits itself to yours to be di-
rected.

VELMA WERTENBARGER

December 20, 1901.
Stryker, Ohio.
Class President 1919.
Ciceronian.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy
flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day.

ALICE V. SHERWOOD

November 20, 1902.
Waterloo, Indiana.
Secretary and Treasurer Z. L. S.
1920.
Valedictorian.

She was jes' the quiet kind
Whose natures never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer
mind
Snow-hid in January.

LOIS A. ARTHUR

December 30, 1902.
Waterloo, Indiana.
Vice President Class 1920.
Secretary C. L. S. 1919.
Salutatorian.

A woman fair, who cannot be
surpassed.



RUTH A. SHIPPY

May 10, 1902.
Kendallville, Indiana.
Zedalethean.

Her voice was ever soft, gentle
and low,
An excellent thing in woman.

BLANCHE M. MELTON

July 21, 1901.
Waterloo, Indiana.
Zedalethean.

As well be out of the world
As out of fashion.

CARRIE OSTER

June 20, 1902.
Hamilton, Indiana.
Ciceronian.

Happy and lucky, gay and free;
Nothing there is that bothers me.

WILMA S. CLARK

August 2, 1902.
Summit, Indiana.
Ciceronian.

She's not too careless, not con-
ventional quite;
Does what she likes, knows what
she does is right.



HELEN HAWK

May 5, 1902.
Fort Recovery, Ohio.
Zedalethean.

To those who know her best,
A friend most true and hearty;
To those who know her least,
A very quiet party.



ANONA BENSING

February 10, 1903.
Tiffin, Ohio.
Class President 1920.
Zedalethean.

Now she is good as gold,
Then she is pert and bold;
Minds not what she is told,
Carelessly tripping.



CLYDE B. FALES

December 7, 1900.
Waterloo, Indiana.
Ciceronian.

Some love two and some love
three,
But I love all who will love me.



THE SENIOR CLASS POEM

Here we gather every morning,
In this place to us so dear,
To the fount of knowledge coming,
We have gladly hastened here.

Dear old high school, Alma Mater,
Where we met with friends so true,
Where we walked in wisdom's footsteps,
Daily learning something new.

But our high school days are over,
Like the by-gone days of yore;
Soon within these halls and classrooms,
As a class we'll be no more.

But forever we'll remember;
Never, never will forget
Teachers, friends and all our schoolmates
Whom within these walls we've met.

And unto the class below us
We must yield our honored place,
But we trust that they will keep it
And ne'er the Senior name disgrace.

So farewell to you, our schoolmates,
And adieu to teachers all,
And good-bye, Oh, dear old school house—
Books and class rooms, desks and all!

—Ayleen Warner, '20

SENIOR CLASS PROPHECY

Washington, D. C., May 30, 1925.

Dear Helen:

While hunting for a book today, I found in my trunk one of the annuals from the W. H. S. 1920, and was thereby reminded of all my classmates. I want to thank you for the picture you sent me; a nurse's uniform is certainly becoming to you.

Since my arrival in Washington about three months ago, I have heard from or seen every member of our class. Just the other day while waiting for lunch, I noticed at the table next mine a young lady, who proved to be Ayleen Warner. I went over and talked to her, and she told me that she is still waiting for H. H. to finish his education. She told me that Wilma Clark, disappointed in love, has gone to the stage as a last resort, to try and forget her sorrow.

I was quite surprised when I read from your letter that Helen DeLong is still answering all the advertisements headed, "How to Reduce." I saw Clyde Fales the other day. He is hunting a place on some basket ball team. He was a sub for the White Stars until he put up a poor showing and was put off.

The evening paper has just arrived, and it contains the announcement of the marriage of Opal Fretz to a prominent lawyer, Celestian Royal. Of course, Carrie Oster, who has become a very accomplished pianist, acted as Opal's maid of honor.

Blanche Melton is selling face powder. She stays at a home for girls, kept by Maude Brecbill and Alice Sherwood, two highly respected old maids. I was out to visit them one day. The place is a constant reminder of H. S. days. The color scheme is purple and gold, our class colors, you remember. Among their charges are Velma W., a fine seamstress; Irene Frick, who expects to teach kindergarten the rest of her days; and also Ruth Shippy, who is studying for a position as teacher of Math. in some college.

Lois lives about five miles from Waterloo and is teaching little children to be—Misers. Anona Bensing stays with her and teaches a small country school, but as soon as this term is finished she expects to give up teaching for something more important. I received a letter from Ruth Price yesterday. She lives in Minneapolis, and is very happy. In the same mail came a card from Ross Myers. He is in Africa, chasing Wild Women.

Bob Widdicombe has become an expert accountant and holds a high position in the Ethiopian government. Dessa DeLong lives on a large farm just west of her home town, Corunna, and spends much of her time hunting game.

I think that the class of 1920 is well represented in the walks of the world, and shall never forget our school days.

—Mildred Markley, '20.

SENIOR CLASS A' B' C'S

- A—is for Arthur, Miss Lois, you know,
Who is faithful and true to her last year's beau.
- B—is for Bensing, the runt of the class,
Who nevertheless is a charming young lass.
- C—is for Clark, both comely and neat,
Who in life, as in school, will ne'er suffer defeat.
- D—is for Helen, tho short she is long;
How neatly she fits in the midst of our throng.
- E—is for eats, of which we are fond;
When the word is mentioned, we're sure to respond.
- F—is for Fales, both comely and tall,
Who is right at home with a basket ball.
- G—is for Goodwin, whom the class can't admit,
But into our midst he seems to fit.
- H—is for Helen; she sure is some bird.
We must have a rhyme; Oh, what is the word?
- I—is for Irene, a musical miss,
Who shines like a star in the middle of this.
- J—is for June, when we make our adieu
To the W. H. S. may we ever be true.
- K—is for Kroft, our kind, gentle nurse;
She surely deserves one wee little verse.
- L—is for lonesome, which we never are,
For nothing so blue can our happiness mar.
- M—is for Melton, Markley and Myers;
The thought of them truly the poet inspires.
- N—is for "No," a word we dcn't say;
When pleasure comes knocking we always say aye.
- O—is for Opal, our musical star,
Whose fame we are sure will be heard near and far.
- P—is for Price, our priceless Ruth,
The emblem of beauty, the envy of youth.
- R—is for Royal, our king, tho uncrowned;
No doubt in the future his worth will be found.
- S—is for Sherwood and Shippy; these two
Are the pride of the class, so lovely and true.
- U—is for you, Dear Reader, so kind.
We thank you and trust that we've here been defined.
- V—is for Velma, a kind, loving lass,
Who might be considered the head of the class.
- W—is for Warner, the last of the list,
And then there is Bob, whom we almost have missed.
- X-Y-Z are the end of the song;
There's Brechbill and Oster and Dessa DeLong.

THE ROSEBUD**FORTUNES OF THE CLASS OF 1920****W. H. S. Feature Photoplay in Four Parts**

Produced by the all-star cast of the class of '20.

Directors

Moudy — Hall — Forney.

First Reel

Place: Waterloo High—Time: Sept. 1916.

The curtain rises to disclose twenty-four frightened boys and girls entering the high school as Freshmen. They are treated very scornfully by the upper classmen, who regard them as being of too bright a hue. The Freshmen, however, are well represented in the literary work and other school activities. Ross Myers plays the leading role of President in a very creditable manner.

Second Reel

Place: W. H. S.—Time: Sept. 1917.

The twenty-four Freshmen enter the high school as sixteen Sophomores. The leading part is carried by Irene Frick in the Presidential chair. She is well supported in this reel by the other fifteen characters in the cast. The class is always in for a good time. Reel ends with an all-star cast of seventeen, one new player having joined the company during the season.

Third Reel

Place: Same Old Place—Time: One Year Later.

Same cast as in the third reel, with the addition of five new stars who signed with the company to play the entire season, making fourteen actresses and six actors. Players now look with great disdain on the lower classmen. (Players all very proud and 'Know It All.') This reel is well directed by Miss Coil. The part of President being played by Velma Wertenbarger, assisted by Helen Hawk as Secretary and Treasurer.

Fourth Reel

Place: You ought to know by this time.—Time: Ditto.

Reel starts with leading role assumed by Anona Bensing. Practically an all-star cast this season. Some appear to be falling stars, however. The majority of the nocturnal jewels make splendid hit. Play a decided success. Play ends with much brilliant action on the part of entire cast.

THE END.



JUNIORS

JUNIOR CLASS ORGANIZATION

President - - - Helen Dannells
 Vice President - - Benetah Farrington
 Sec. and Treas. - - Carolyn Opdycke

Motto

"Now or never."

Class Colors

Maroon and Gold.

Class Yell

Woof! Woof! Zippity Zoof!
 They make a noise to raise the roof!
 They're coming at us, nail and hoof!
 Look who it is, then start to run.
 Look out for the Class of '21!

Class Roll

Edna Lockhart	Benetah Farrington
John Forney	Hugh Farrington
Martha Carper	Robert Bonfiglio
Lyndes Burtzner	Helen Dannells
Lucile Whaling	Carolyn Opdycke
Thelma Till	Ralph Ayres
Erda Robinson	Clark Ayres
Herbert G. Willis	Gerald Fee
Fredrice Frick	Glen Daniels
Russel Luce	John McGiffin



JUNIOR CLASS POEM

Hello! Hello! Look who's here—
 The 20 Juniors of the '21 year.
 Oh, yes! Oh, yes! This is the class
 That no other one can ever surpass.
 They have pep every step and grades galore;
 Wait till they're Seniors, then they will soar.
 But now we're content; jolly Juniors are we,
 So we'll wait till' next year; wise Seniors we'll be.
 And then when we're gone, to the world's hard strife
 We'll always look back to our Junior life.

—Carolyn Opdycke.

JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

On September sixth, 1917, a noisy bunch of little Freshmen found their way into the high school assembly room. Of course, we had all learned that we were to amuse the higher classmen with our greenness, so were prepared for our reception. It is true that we did not know what to do or where to go at first, but this embarrassment soon wore off, and we felt at home.

In time we became more accustomed to the surroundings and learned to know what was required of us. The upper classmen decided not to laugh at our mistakes, but rather to help us find the way to wisdom. They had already learned that we were a very talented class.

Our class of twenty-four members was soon organized and our social events were soon going. The members of the class did their part on the literary programs, and all came to know that the class contained not only wit and wisdom, but also tact and talent.

The following autumn found us entering the new class known to us as the Sophomore class. During our Sophomore year we proved to be a studious bunch, but also pleasure-loving. The year was a prosperous one, and each worked on, hoping some day to reach the goal of fame. The class supported athletics to the best of their ability, and were overjoyed whenever a victory was won for the school. All were surprised that the year went so quick, but we were looking forward to even better days to come.

The following September we entered the school as Juniors, and were entitled to view the plodding under classmen. Only one more year, and we must leave the dear old W. H. S., but may that year be our best, and our class continue to maintain their high standard of scholarship and good will towards others.

—Russell L. Luce, '21.



SOPHOMORE CLASS ORGANIZATION

President	-	-	Harold Walker
Vice President	-	-	Aileen Fisher
Séc. and Treas.	-	-	Mary Speer
Class Poet	-	-	Irene Widdicombe
Class Historian	-	-	Jack Parks

Class Motto

"Pull Together."

Class Colors

Green and Cream.

Class Flower

Lily of the Valley.

Class Yell

Hooli-ja-lick! Hecli-ja-lick!
 Skin-em-arick! Skin-em-arick!
 Boom! Bah! Phlippity Phlop.
 '22 is always on top!

Class Roll

Blanche Bainbridge	Mary Speer
Sylvester Reinig	Kenneth Fee
John Bonecutter	Ruby Shultz
Myrtle Hammon	Waldo Hammon
Howard Hammon	Mable Hammon
Archie Haycox	Carlton Miser
Wayne Goodwin	Harold Walker
David Eberly	Aileen Fisher
Bessie Till	Genevieve Glcy
Flora Dixon	Clarence Gfeller
Jack Parks	Irene Widdicombe
Vera Barr	Hazel Wertenbarger



SOPHOMORE CLASS POEM

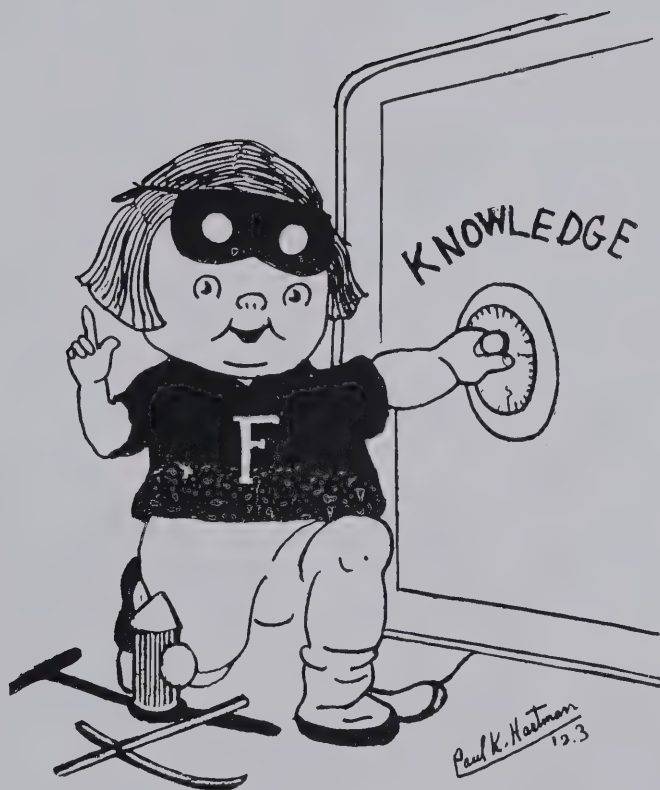
Hurrah for the Sophs of nineteen twenty;
We've got pep, and we've got plenty.
Sit up and take notice of the class
That's made of gold and not of brass.

We've had trials and troubles many,
But these don't bother us any.
For the class of twenty-two
Has the grit to go clean thru.

So hip hurrah! for this best of classes,
With the best of lads and the fairest of lasses.
For the Sophs are true and just and wise,
And will win the honor that never dies.

Soon we'll reach the final goal
If we have the school (and have the coal)
And some day Seniors we shall be
When we perch in the top of the knowledge tree.

So here's to the Sophs of Waterloo,
So fair and brave, and jolly, too,
For of pep and grit we've got a plenty.
Hurrah for the Sophs of nineteen twenty!



FRESHMEN CLASS ORGANIZATION

President	-	-	Richard Dannells
Vice President	-	-	Irene Fee
Sec. and Treas.	-	-	Carl Till
Class Historian	-	-	Paul Hartman
Class Poet	-	-	Mildred Snyder

Class Motto

"Vincit qui patitur—He conquers who endures."

Class Colors

Old Rose and Gold.

Class Flower

Pink Carnation

Class Yell

Zisly, Zisly, Zip!
 He! Ke! He! Ke! Flippity Flip!
 Zip, zam! Zip, zam! Zip, zam! Bah!
 Waterloo Freshmen! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Class Roll

Cyrille Duncan	Edna Forrest
Justin Girardot	Marguerite Hamman
Alfred Kelly	Ethel Beard
Carl Till	Mildred Snyder
Kenneth Henney	Russel Walker
Alva Anthony	Bernice Shugart
Clyde Rohm	Irene Duesler
Maude Walker	Ruth Bullard
Albert Weicht	Rosanna Castret
Harold Hamman	Irene Fee
Eunice Wagner	Venus Lower
Paul Hartman	Aileen Fee
Joel Stewart	Richard Dannells
	Geraldine Bainbridge



FRESHMEN CLASS POEM

We are the class of twenty-three,
Brimful of pep and energy;
With heart and hand we'll stand the task,
 For that's what you'll expect.
Our task is great, but yet 'tis small,
For we can bear our troubles all,
And to everything the teachers ask
 This class is always next.

We're right on hand when there's work to do,
And to our school we're always true.
And none of us are left behind,
 For we're a class of pep and punch.
We are the brightest lot yet seen,
And tho as Freshies we are green,
We are the noblest of our kind;
 You'll find no slackers in our bunch.

Mildred Synder, '23.

FRESHMEN CLASS HISTORY

We, the class of twenty-three, gathered at the old school house on the 8th of September, 1919, to begin our climb toward the Senior years and to the heights of wisdom.

At the beginning of the year we had an enrollment of twenty-seven, and it has remained so throughout the entire year, with the exception of one who left our ranks to go to another school.

Shortly after school started in the fall a meeting was called for the purpose of electing officers. Richard Dannells was chosen as our President, with Irene Fee as Vice President and Carl Till to hold the offices of Secretary and Treasurer.

We are well represented on the girls' basket ball team, and also on the boys' second team.

We are trying our best to fulfill our motto, and are looking forward to a time when we shall be Seniors.

—Paul K. Hartman, '23

BOARD OF EDUCATION



J. W. LOWMAN
President



DR. W. R. NEWCOMER
Treasurer



HEREERT C. WILLIS
Secretary

COURSE OF STUDY

Freshman	Sophomore	Junior	Senior
Classics, Composition and Rhetoric	Classics, Composition and Rhetoric	Classics and American Literature	Classics and English Literature
Algebra	Algebra $\frac{1}{2}$ year P. Geom. $\frac{1}{2}$ year	P. Geom. $\frac{1}{2}$ year S. Geom. $\frac{1}{2}$ year	Com. Law $\frac{1}{2}$ year Com. Arith. $\frac{1}{2}$ year
Lat'n	Cæsar	Mediæval and Modern History	Physics
Agriculture	Ancient History	Phys. Geog. $\frac{1}{2}$ year Com. Geog. $\frac{1}{2}$ year	Am. Hist. $\frac{1}{2}$ year Civics $\frac{1}{2}$ year
Domestic Science	Agriculture	Domestic Science	
Manual Training		Botany	

Music and Art all four years.

English must be taken all four years and American History and Civics must be taken in the Senior year. Other subjects may be selected from the above course in accordance with the requirements of the Course of Study for the High Schools of Indiana. Sixteen credits are required for graduation.

If there is one subject in the high school course that is more important than any other, it is English. "Life and language grow together; hence the study of English should continue throughout the school period." Observation has shown us that very often a student fails in many lines of work because he does not observe accurately and is unable to interpret correctly a printed page. These observations make us realize the great importance of the English course and make us strive to obtain more definite results in the ability of the student to observe and study accurately, to speak fluently and logically, and to write so as to convey thought clearly and in good language. Special emphasis is placed upon composition, both oral and written, especially in the first two years, and a great amount of this work is required. Drills in oral composition help to make all recitations more effective. Inasmuch as the state is encouraging more emphasis on the expression side of our English work, and in view of the fact that more and more of this work is expected of our high school graduates, a certain amount of credit in public speaking should be required as a part of the English requirement.

Of the many things to be gained from the work in literature we are constantly mindful of the cultivation of literary appreciation and of forming in the student the habit of turning to good books for companionship. From the selections studied in the class room and from the books read and reported upon, many valuable lessons are learned. "Lessons in patriotism, courtesy, sincerity, the honest performance

of the daily task—these may direct toward the highest work of the school—the development of a sterling character.

History is a subject which also holds a very important place in the high school curriculum. The recent clash of nations, wherein great principles of government were at stake, has created more interest in it, and has made its value more apparent. To trace the growth of nations, to understand the relations between the past and present conditions, to awaken civic consciousness and civic pride and to promote civic responsibilities—these are among the results to be secured from the teaching of history in the high school. In all history classes students are frequently asked for special reports on vital topics. Many important questions are discussed pro and con in class work, which is very good drill in oral composition. These reports and discussions necessitate the constant use of many reference works, which makes the student feel that he is studying history and not some particular text book. Much time is spent in developing outline maps, which when complete show the physical setting, political relations and the economic conditions of the different peoples during the most important periods of history.

Manual training has received special attention this year. A new finishing room was added to the shop, which doubles its former size. New windows were made in the old part, and the interior finished in light color, which makes it a much more pleasant place in which to work. A new set of tools was added, and new benches installed, which now gives us bench room to accommodate fifteen boys at one time. All of these improvements were made during the first semester by the manual training classes, under the direction of Mr. Woodcox, the instructor in manual training. The second semester was devoted to regular manual training work, the quality and quantity of which is a credit to the department.

No special mention need be made of any other subject except Music, Art and Domestic Science, which discussions follow this general discussions. Our laboratory is fairly well equipped for experimental work in agriculture and physics and for the dissection and analysis of plants in botany. No small part of the credit given in these subjects is based upon the work done in the laboratory. We strive to do standard work in all subjects, and I feel that we have fallen short in none.

I am very sorry that bookkeeping could not be offered this year. There is a demand for it and it must be offered. I am very sure that steps will be taken next year to supply a teacher for this subject.

W. SCOTT FORNEY.

MUSIC IN THE WATERLOO SCHOOLS

The music spirit in community and state is dependent to a great extent upon the public school, and how well the school measures up to this responsibility depends upon two things: The practicability of the course of study and the thoroughness of the supervisor who interprets it.

The fundamental principles must be thoroughly grounded in the first grade and systematically developed through the succeeding years, when they attain the high school they will be capable of rendering at sight any music that can be sung by a well balanced high school chorus.

In the course of the eight year journey, many exceptional voices will be developed, which will prove a valuable asset to class and teachers, yet they should not be advanced to the extent that the weaker ones will suffer. All pupils can sing unless handicapped by some physical imperfection in the vocal organs, a condition that does not often occur, and properly handled they will emerge from the grades a well rounded chorus, all singing and enjoying to the limit the most beautiful accomplishment with which the human race is endowed.

In our high school there are some excellent voices, and these were combined in a chorus which rendered the beautiful operetta, "Paul Revere," in a very creditable manner.

There is much talent which might be developed into chorus, orchestra and band if properly directed, and would place the Waterloo High School in the foremost rank in musical circles.

C. A. WOODCOX.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

The Domestic Science Department has been of great interest to all the girls this year. Even tho it has been greatly interrupted, yet the girls were willing to do their part.

The seventh and eighth grades studied the first principles in cooking and sewing.

The Freshmen girls entered upon the same principles, but to a greater extent, while the Juniors were still more advanced. A great deal of their work was theory work.

A lively interest was also shown during the bake and candy sales, one from which the proceeds were given to the Armenian fund.

LENORE FRANZ.



FINE ARTS

The Fine, or Beautiful Arts, is the abstract name applied to the art concerning nature, which art exists to give delight and produce a love for the æsthetic. It develops in the student the faculty of enjoying and enjoying the beauty of his surroundings. In the careful study of nature and painting the student enjoys a most valuable experience. He is brought close to Mother Nature.

Art has its origination with the ancient cave dwellers, who first carved on surfaces of stone and alike arranged the skins of animals on the walls of his hut in a way not only pleasing to himself, but also to the eye of his mate.

Painting has gradually crept into the Waterloo High School until now it is recognized as a regular subject, the same as Mathematics and English, each student in pastels and oil receiving full eighty minute periods daily for painting. Thus the development of talent has been marvellous, and many beautiful paintings have been produced, which will be displayed in the usual exhibit to be given the last of the term in the town hall,

IOA REED,

HAVEN'T GOT TIME

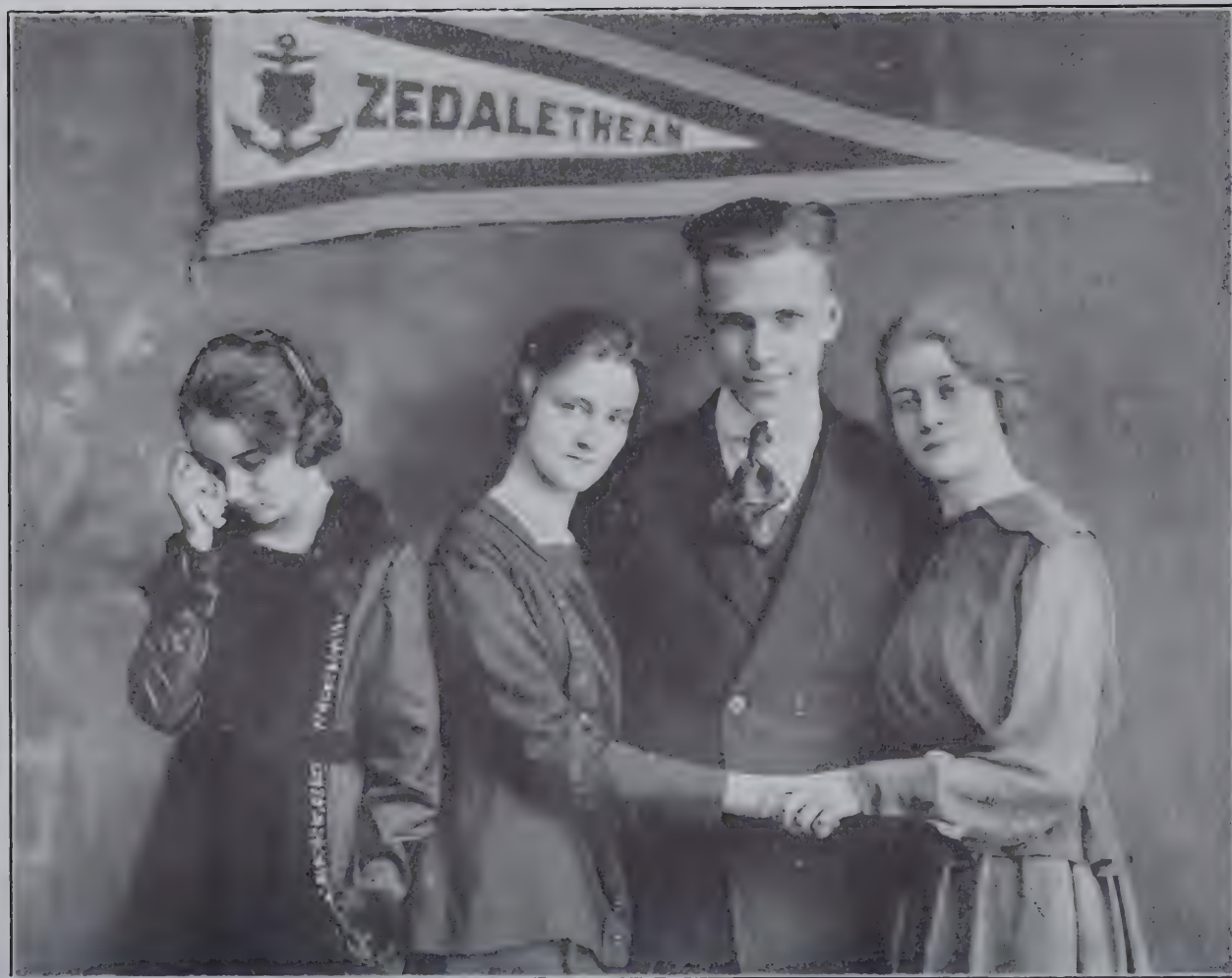
Opportunity rapped at a door,
 With a chance for the brother within;
He rapped till his fingers were sore,
 And muttered, "Come on, let me in.
Here's something I know you can do,
 Here's a hill that I know you can climb."
But the brother inside very quickly replied:
 "Old fellow, I haven't got time."

Opportunity wandered along
 In search of a man who would rise.
He said to the indolent throng:
 "Here's a chance for the fellow who tries."
But each of them said, with a smile,
 "I wish I could do it, but I'm
Very busy today, and I'm sorry to say
 That I really haven't got time."

At last Opportunity came.
 To a man who was burdened with cares,
And said, "I now offer the same
 Opportunity that has been theirs.
Here's a duty that ought to be done;
 It's a chance if you've got time to take it."
Said the man, with a grin, "Come on, pass it in!
 I'll either find time or I'll make it."

Of all the excuses there are
 By which the old world is accursed,
This "haven't got time" is by far
 The poorest, the feeblest, the worst.
A delusion it is, and a snare;
 If the habit is yours, you should shake it,
For if you want to do what is offered to you
 You'll find time to do it, or make it,





THE ZEDALETHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The first six weeks of the school year a ban was placed on society programs. On account of the quantity and quality of work assigned by the faculty, the programs of the literary societies were hardly as numerous as they should have been.

On September 15th the Zedalethean Society met and elected the following officers to serve for the first semester: Robert Widdicombe, President; Mary Speer, Secretary and Treasurer. For the second semester Irene Frick was chosen President, with Alice Sherwood as Secretary and Treasurer.

—Ayleen Warner, '20

Inaugural Address

Friends: I desire to take this opportunity to thank the Zedalethean Society for conferring upon me the highest honor in their power, and also to thank them for the assistance they have given, and which I am sure you will continue to give, in the preparation of this and the following literary programs.

Former Zedaletheans have set for us a standard so high that it requires much work and co-operation on our part to keep our literary work up to that standard. I shall leave you to judge this program how well we have succeeded. I thank you.

—Robert Widdicombe.

Inaugural Address

Members of the Zedalethean Society, Faculty and Friends: I wish to thank you Zedaletheans for the honor you have so kindly bestowed upon me, and I assure you I will fulfill the duties of this office to the best of my ability. As you all know, one cannot put on a program alone, but must have the co-operation of each and every member of the society, as well as the faculty.

Assuming that you will each do your duty to your society, I again wish to thank you.

—Irene Frick, '20



THE CICERONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Ciceronian Society has this year endeavored to maintain its usual high standard and have a pardonable pride in the result of the effort. The talent has been exceptionally good and the members usually willing to do what seems good for the society. At the beginning of the first semester an election was called, which resulted as follows: Ross Myers, President; Gerald Fee, Secretary. These officers served well during their term, and the following were elected to take their places for the second semester: Ruth Price, President; Carolyn Opdycke, Secretary.

—Mildred Markley.

Inaugural Address

Members of the Ciceronian Society, Faculty and Friends: As I enter into the many tasks which are connected with the office that I now have the honor of holding, I desire to thank you for the trust you have placed in me, and promise to discharge my duties to the best of my ability, but we all know that the success of this organization depends largely upon our loyalty. I need not remind you of these things, for again and again they have been forcibly impressed upon you by faithful teachers, former presidents and experience. It all lies with you, fellow members; you can make the society what you will have it. Co-operate and maintain this glorious height of perfection, or be indifferent and fall to the level of our opponents.

—Ross Myers, '20.

Inaugural Address

Fellow Ciceronians, Classmates and Friends: Entering upon my duties as President, I wish to thank you for the honor and trust which has been bestowed upon me. I feel, as others have felt, that someone else might have been better fitted for this office, but I promise to give it my utmost attention and fulfill it to the best of my ability. Co-operation, as you all realize, is the fundamental factor in the successful maintenance of any society or organization. With your co-operation we will be able to maintain the high standard for which the Ciceronian Society has always been known. I hope each one will see it his duty to put forth his best effort in doing the task set before him, and by so doing help to accomplish our aim.

—Ruth Price, '20

ENTERTAINMENT

During the second week of school the Seniors decided to give a "dog-roast." and invite the Sophomores. This we did, and on Friday evening after school a good many Sophs and Seniors went in cars to the home of Opal Fretz, under the care of Miss Kroft. After having opened several fences we reached the woods, where a fire was built and the dog roasted.

One evening a few months later, in spite of the faculty's remonstrances, several little Sophs and fun-loving Seniors packed themselves into Fords and went to Mable Hammon's home, where they spent a very delightful evening. We started to play pedro, but forgot which was highest, the ace or the deuce, and as Miss Kroft failed to enlighten us on the subject, we had to stop. At an early hour we returned to Waterloo, hardly knowing what to expect on the morrow, but prepared for the worst.

As the Junior must needs always copy the doings of the Seniors, they set about arranging for a dog-roast. It was held at the home of Benetah Farrington. Some very interesting games were played. The young folks had quite a time getting a fire started, but at last they succeeded, and they said the eats tasted all the better for their labors with the balky fire. At last the last dog was gone. They prepared to go home and all arrived at their respective dwellings before ten (so they said) and a very agreeable time was reported by everyone.

The Juniors, having had only one party during the first semester, were getting rather restless, so they decided to go on a skating party. The skating being very good at Carp Lake, they went out there one evening in January. Clark Ayers furnished a team and wagon for transportation. Altho only about half the members could go, the bunch that were there reported a very enjoyable time all around, and returned in very good spirits.

On the evening of December 31, 1919 A. D., the Sophomores gave the Freshmen a New Year's party. Both classes were well represented, and a jolly good time was the result. Many games were played, and at 11:30 the Sophs gave the hungry Freshies a very substantial feed, of which they partook with an appreciative appetite. All remained until they had watched the Old Year out and the New Year in, and then dispersed.

November the 24th, being the birthday of Irene and Aileen Fee, the Freshmen class gave them a surprise party. It certainly was a grand surprise, and after the first wave of excitement was over, they played games and refreshments were served. The class was well represented, and all had a very fine time.

When Duty and Pleasure clash,
Let Duty go to smash!

BASKET BALL

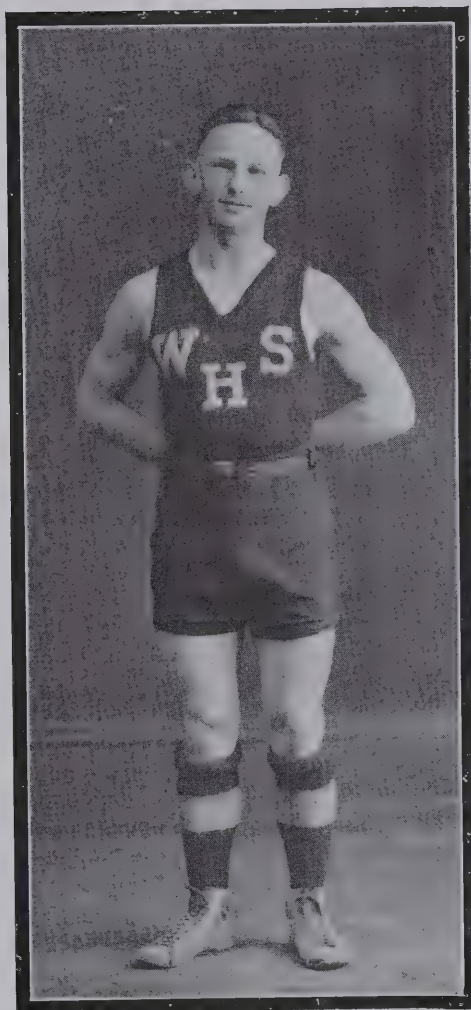


REVIEW OF THE BASKET BALL SEASON

We started the Basket Ball season rather early this year, for we had to work up a whole new team, having only one old player. We held a meeting and elected John Forney as captain. Coach Woodcox put us thru some hard practice the first week, for we were to play Ashley the last of the week. We defeated them, altho we were obliged to play out of doors, which we were not used to. We played Hudson the following week after some good coaching and practice. but nevertheless we were defeated. The score stood 14 to 18. It was in this game that we saw the work we would have to do to make a good team out of the material we had. We had the material, however, for a winning team if it could be worked into shape. We were well satisfied with the team's showing and the way they fought against odds, and if there had been no interference this year the team would undoubtedly have gone to Bloomington.

We played Hamilton and easily defeated them, and then lost in a very hard game to Ligonier, in which the score stood 23 to 24 at the end. We were greatly out-weighted in this game. About this time the city team started, and this took away much of the support of the town, who were more interested in the city team, and what we worked against, only the players and Mr. Woodcox really know. Weeks went by without practice, and Coach Woodcox could give us little coaching, but he stuck to us thru it all.

We went 50-50 in the games played. No one knows exactly how we felt at times. We were disgusted and ready to quit, when outsiders step in and use our equipment at the hall without even consulting us, and then take our practice nights and so deprive us of the much needed practice, schedule games the night before ours, taking our crowds; it is enough to make anyone disgusted, but we acted like men, even if they did not, and plugged along without censuring them, although they were not so regardful of our feelings. If the town had stood back of the high school team as in other years we would have made a commendable record. Considering it all, we played better ball than anyone could expect. No team can long survive without support. At the tournament we went farther than the team that was picked to win, and went just as far as any W. H. S. team has ever gone. We were defeated the last game on the last afternoon of the tournament. We had had no practice and were tired from the preceding games. Considering everything we had a very successful year. We have only ourselves and Coach Woodcox to thank. We admire him because of the way he stood by us when things looked the darkest, and did all in his power to make us a winning team.



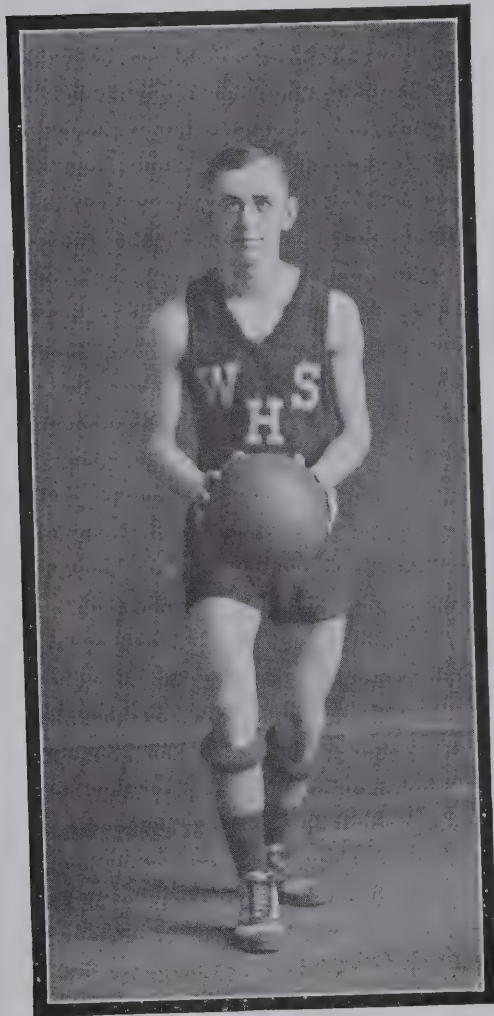
JOHN FORNEY—RIGHT FORWARD

Kid, our Captain played a fast game at running forward, and also won us an honor at the tournament, for being chosen the fastest man out of sixteen teams. He has a habit of trying to make the referee see the way he does, and sometimes loses his temper. He is only a Junior, so will be with the team next year, and will certainly be a whirlwind if he keeps on as he has done this season.



ROBERT BONFIGLIO—RIGHT GUARD

Bob, our biggest man, plays an excellent game at guard. He has a habit of dropping a few in from around center now and then. Altho he was big and usually frightened his opponent, he seldom lost his temper, and played a clean game. On the defense he is sure right there, and very few are able to slip by him. As Bob will be with the team next year, we expect great things of him,



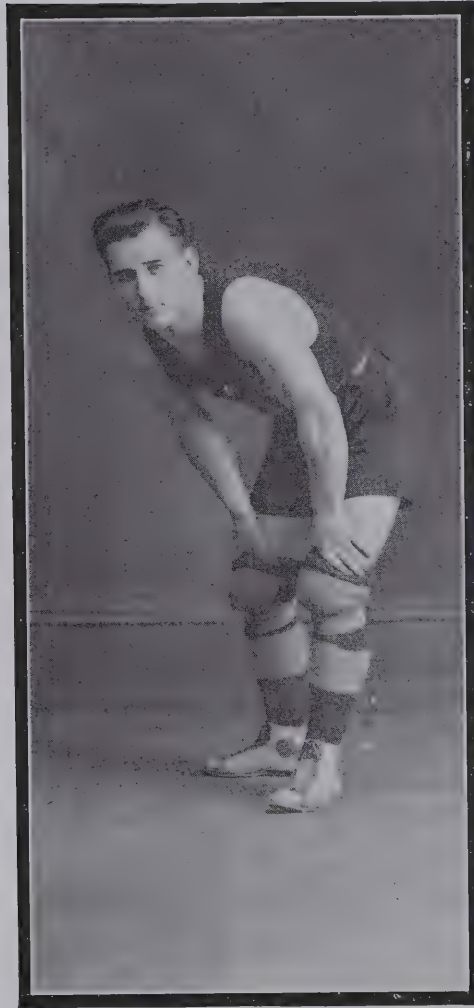
ROSS MYERS—LEFT FORWARD

Bill played an excellent game at back forward. He looks rather light, but always came out on top when it came to roughing it, as his opponents can testify. He could always be depended upon for a basket when given a fair chance. He is the only one of the five that we lose this year, but nevertheless will be greatly missed.



GERALD FEE—CENTER

Cy, as our "middle," is right there on the jump, and will probably be the man to jump center next season. Altho he was out of the game part of this season, he put snap into the game when he came back. He always tries hard to do his share, and generally broke up everything that came his way, at the same time dropping in a few for himself. We are glad that we will have him with us next year,



KENNETH FEE—LEFT GUARD

Tim, better known among us as "Stonewall," has shown much improvement in his guarding, but sometimes forgets about staying back and comes down and drops one thru the net. He is a hard worker and does his best all of the time. As he is only a Sophomore, we expect much from him in the future.



RALPH AYRES—SUB. FORWARD

Ralph didn't get into the game very early in the season, but showed material for a good player when given a chance. He is small but fast, and plays a good, clean game at guard or forward when needed. He will be with us next year, and will probably be one of the five.



FRANCIS GOODWIN—SUB. GUARD

Nig was out several times during the season, but nevertheless did good work when needed. He is small, but always held his own when it came to "roughing it." He had several accidents, which kept him out of the game considerable, but we wish him better luck next year.

FLIRTING

Flirting is a branch of human endeavor that is seldom neglected. It is current in all countries, and is most productive where civilization is most advanced. The ingredients are few. One of each of both sexes are the only requirements. Environment, of course, should be considered, but the most successful flirtations are conducted without regard for outside influences. Flirting seldom interests a gang. It's just a matter between a couple unless pairs predominate. It is the basis for that outside pastime of picking up a Jane.

Flirting primarily obviates formality. It is usually done with the eyes. But it is never certain. A good-looking woman may roll her eyes in the most flirtatious manner when her chief concern is that someone has stepped on her corn. The methods of interpreting flirtations should be accurate. Bad judgment frequently results in discomfort. Also shoulders. And beckons. A nice, healthy beckon guarantees results. Many a man has flirted satisfactorily. And likewise to his sorrow. The county clerk has a record of all unsuccessful flirtations.

Flirting is done at the seashore, the main drag, the broad highway, in the elevator or down in the old cherry orchard. It is a diversion until it becomes an obligation. A flirtatious man is soon divorced from his original declarations. Flirting with death is not so exciting as flirting with a woman. But it is much safer. Traveling men are good flirts. So are soldiers and sailors. Just now flirting is not so essential as it used to be. The automobile has stolen much of its kick. Where once it was necessary to go through all the nods and winks and wreathed smiles that led up to a conversation that guaranteed victory, it is only required now that the brakes be applied and the invitation offered, "Hop in, Kid!"

Flirting is fun if carefully watched. It is expensive on a train where the diner is attached. Some flirt for ecstasy. Others for thrills. It may be accomplished with the aid of a fan. Or a handkerchief. Or anything else that fits the occasion. A little flirting is a dangerous thing. So is a lot of it. And flirting at all times is like publishing this annual—not everyone can be induced to subscribe.

GIRLS' BASKET BALL—1920

At the beginning of the year our team was frightfully crippled, as several of our best players had left us, graduating with the class of nineteen. Yet this season can be said to have been very successful, after securing new players from the under classes. Their aim was to play clean and square. This was never forgotten from the time they went on the floor until the game was over. Credit is due Miss Faye Till, who worked willingly with the girls, getting them into shape.

After much sorting and picking a very good team was selected. Aileen Fee was picked for right forward; altho small she was mighty, and at shooting baskets was speedy and sensational. Bessie Till was destined to play at left forward. She was a very hard player and helped to win the games for Waterloo. Helen DeLong played a good game at center this year. Her height and composure inspired fear in the strongest opponents. Thelma Till was our running center. She was small, but gritty, and one of the most enthusiastic workers on the basket ball team. Benetah Farrington was chosen for guard. Her stiff resistance overwhelmed the fastest forward, while her passing was swift and sure. Irene Fee played a very commendable game at guard. Determination characterized her basket ball playing. Ruth Price was first sub, and when in the game she was certainly right there with the goods guarding some fast forward. Carolyn Opdycke was our other sub, who was at her best when playing the game at running center, but made a good showing anywhere in the line-up.



BENETAH FARRINGTON—GUARD

Now look! Here's our Neta,
Shes sure some guard.
She's up and doing,
And plays them all hard.

AILEEN FEE—FORWARD

We've got a forward;
We all call her "Tim."
Her baskets are "slick."
They don't touch the rim.

IRENE FEE—GUARD

We've got a guard
That they call Fee;
She's good with the ball
And a beauty to see.

HELEN DELONG—CENTER

Say! There's a good center,
The crowd will all say
When "Hen" approaches
We'll sure win the day.

BESSIE TILL—FORWARD

Here's to a forward
They all call "Bep."
At shooting baskets
She's sure got the pep.

THELMA TILL—RUNN'G CENTER

Where's their side center?
We have our Sal Till.
Now look at those passes!
She'll give them their fill.

RUTH PRICE—GUARD

Here's to a sub
By the name of Price!
She's in when she's needed,
And in in a trice.

CAROLYN OPDYCKE—CENTER

She subs us at center,
But she's a star, all the same.
The rougher, the better,
And she plays a fast game.



MOUTHS

The mouth is the opening through which all things pass. It is an entrance by land and an exit by sea. It is a favorite haunt of the tongue and occupies all the territory east of the soft palate not ceded to the allies. It runs parallel to the eyebrows, and is thirty degrees north of the epiglottis. It is situated advantageously for love-making, ruining reputations and gargling. In testing for depth, age and kick it is invaluable. A healthy yawn shows it at its best, and its flexibility is in marked evidence during the sweet corn period.

The mouth is used frequently and intelligently in kissing. A man may kiss a girl on the neck by way of flattering the scope of the wash cloth, but when he is in earnest he confines his osculatory measures to her lips.

It would be quite difficult to hold a cigarette in the ear and inhale through the Eustachian tube. Hence, the mouth is a gilt edged aid to smokers. If it wasn't for the mouth there would be no demand what-even for Honest Scrap. Moreover, the poorhouse would be filled with affable salesmen.

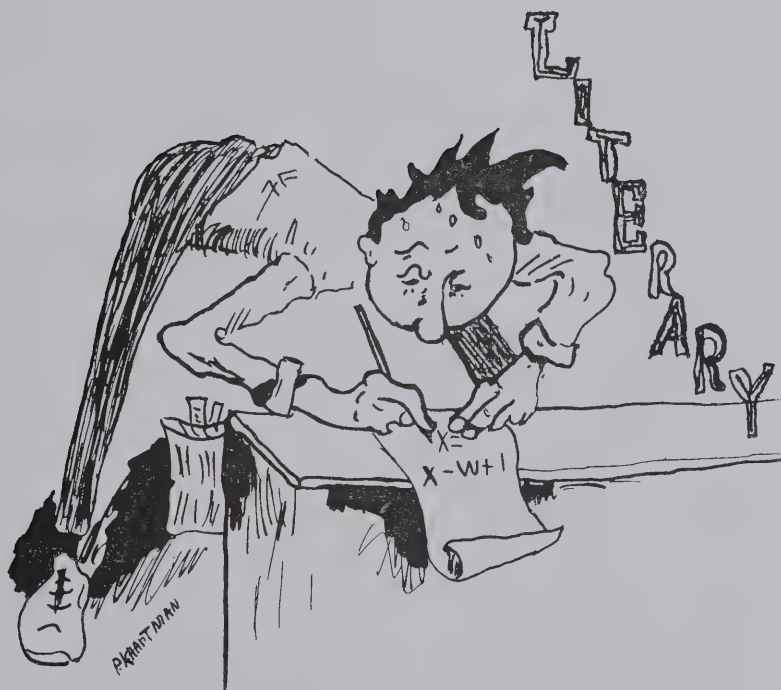
The mouth is used to distinguish between coffee and soup, except in times of war. It is the game preserve of the dentist. With the mouth a man can diagnose an egg in a jiffy, and pay proper homage to a postage stamp. A pretty mouth will win a husband when everything but a handsome dowry would fail. A large mouth is handy and requires a great deal of care of the chin. The mouth has made the auctioneer, the preacher and the waitress. The only persons who wouldn't be handicapped without a mouth are the movie stars and the magazine heroes, who so often stand speechless with joy or rage.

During the day most mouths are open. An open mouth at night knocks off 95 per cent of the beauty standing. Mouths have saved many lives by permitting calls for help to escape. They have also lost a great many by admitting carbolic acid or other hereafter concoctions. Virtually the mouth made the Peace Conference. And the Leak of Notions. A face would look very strange without a mouth. If fish didn't have mouths they would have to be caught with beckons.

At times the mouth is listed as an ordnance. There are mouth-pieces. A mouthful is considerable, especially if spoken by the right party. A mouth is used early in life. And late in the same life. A few persons are born with silver spoons in their mouths, which makes it nice. But most all of them, as nearly as statisticians are able to figure, were decorated with a knife instead.

There are several well developed mouths in the Waterloo High School. They are used a great deal in talking, but they never say much. Some of them have never become acquainted with that delightful personage, Osculation. But never mind; their time may come.

P. S.—If we didn't have a mouth, we wouldn't have to brush our teeth.



WHAT COULD IT BE?

Five flivers stood patiently in a row beside the gabled farmhouse of Grandpa Perkins, while through the green shutters drifted the odors of a good old fashioned chicken dinner.

"Do save some room for your pie, Jimmy," Grandma Perkins was saying, "it's apple, just the kind you used to be so fond of."

"And here's nice, rich cream to put on it," Grandpa added.

All eyes turned to Jimmy—Jimmy in khaki, at the head of the table—Jimmy, whose home coming was the occasion for this gathering of the Perkinses.

"Guess I can manage the pie, all right. Gee! First regular pie I've seen since—let's see—a year ago last New Year's, wasn't it? Sure and I did hate to miss last Christmas at home; thought about you folks all day and the turkey dinner you'd be having. We were down in the Argonne region about that time — — —"

So he went on to tell them about it, and the rows of faces were all turned toward him, listening and worshiping. The whole Perkins family had come to welcome him—uncles, aunts, nephews, nieces and all. The trio of pretty cousins, Nell, Joyce and May, had come from normal school in Clayton to be present at the celebration.

The very best of dinners must end, and after a climax of ice cream the Perkinses arose and Jimmy went upstairs to take a little nap. The three girls lingered to talk in the old fashioned hallway.

"Isn't he grand looking—so tall and tanned?" Joyce was saying. "And won't he be popular at the church picnic?"

"Should say I will," said May, "and by the way, I bought a new pink——"

All three stopped short at the foot of the stair. Strange sounds came from overhead—shouting, heavy thumping and pounding.

"Oh, girls! What can it be?" Nell cried. "Mercy I don't know. Jimmy's door is open, and that noise is coming straight from his room. I'm afraid to go up. Let's call Uncle Jack."

Uncle Jack, asleep on the porch, was aroused by the frightened maidens. Bravely he ascended the stair and advanced straight into Jimmy's room. A moment later he reappeared.

"You girls come up here a minute."

The girls slipped into the room. Tumbling and rolling upon the bed was James Perkins, in uniform, helmet and gas mask. Savage blows fell upon the bedstead from his fists, and the pillow came in for its share of the pounding.

"Jimmy! Jimmy, boy!" Uncle Jack called, "that pillow isn't a Hun! Wake up!"

A bewildered young man sat up and looked around him. "Gee! I thought I was back at it! I must have put those traps on in my sleep. I'd a' had that Hun in a minute."

"Look here, young fellow," advised Uncle Jack, "if you're going to have nightmares in the day time, you'd better go slow on the apple pie."

—Fredrice Frick, '21

A PECULIAR MISTAKE

A thrill of horror went over that part of the city which harbored the home of little Grace Boyce. In being a friend in need, she had risked her life. At this very moment she lay between life and death. Her friends (they were numerous) waited, and many a prayer went up to the Almighty that day for the life of the girl who had been a friend indeed because she lived the Golden Rule.

In one home knelt a man at his bedside, filled with such agony of soul that he could not pray. Grace had kept house for him ever since their mother had passed away, leaving brother and sister alone.

Early that morning Grace was coming from market when she heard loud screams from one of the houses. She ran in, finding a little child in flames. In saving the little girl her own clothing caught fire, and she was seriously burned before help came.

All the day she lay unconscious in the hospital. The doctors said that if she lived the night through she would have the barest possible chance for life. At five the next morning the crisis came, and many prayers were answered, for she would live. But for three weeks no one was admitted to her room.

The occupant of Room 8, Ward D, called in a sweet but somewhat stifled voice, "Come in," in answer to a low knock. The visitor stopped on the threshold, too astonished for words. He had expected to find her partly bandaged, but not wholly so. The only visible thing was the tips of two fingers and the very end of her nose. Going over to the bed, the visitor gathered one of her hands gently into his own.

"Dearest little girl, it's so good to be near you again," he said, as he swallowed the lump that would come up in his throat.

A silence followed, and the girl on the bed tried to collect her thoughts. The voice must be John's, and yet it sounded so different. As she listened, he spoke again, telling her how anxious her Aunt Mae was about her, and many other things of which she knew nothing. She could hardly believe her ears. Was he crazy, or did her ears deceive her? She felt as if she must know at once.

"John," she asked, "what on earth are you talking about?"

"What do you mean? My name isn't John; it's Paul Irwin. Aren't you Grace Hamilton?"

"Why, no," she answered. "I'm Grace Boyce. Miss Johnson must have shown you the wrong room by mistake, for Grace Hamilton is in the room next to this. We were both burned, and our names are both Grace, so it wouldn't be hard to get us mixed up."

Paul arose with an apology. "I'm very sorry you made the mistake, for it has kept you from the other Grace. Are you her brother?"

"No, just a cousin," he answered, "and I'm not a bit sorry I got in the wrong room."

The door opened and closed, and Grace was left alone with her thoughts.

"What a nice voice he had," she said aloud, in a dreaming tone, a half hour later. "I hope he has brown eyes and dark, curly hair." And so her thoughts wandered again; soon she dropped off to sleep.

As the weeks went by, Paul's visits to Room 8 grew longer and longer—to Room 9, shorter and shorter. The two Graces grew stronger, and each day saw another bandage removed. They met one day on the big porch, and before they left the hospital grew to be the best of friends.

Two months later Paul's cousin went home, for she had not been so badly burned as Grace Boyce. But Paul did not stop his daily visits.

One day, finding here in a little cove at the end of the porch, away from prying eyes, he sat on the floor at her feet and laid his head in her lap.

"Grace," he said, "I've loved you ever since your sweet voice called, 'Come in.' If you care for me, will you just press my hand? Don't speak, for I know this is sudden, but I can't help thinking that you care some."

A soft pressure on his hand made his heart beat faster, but when her voice said, "I knew somehow that you would have brown eyes and curly hair, that first day," he gathered her into his arms and covered her face with kisses.

"When?" he asked, as he set her down. "I'm ready now," she answered, with a deep sigh of content."

—Ayleen Warner, '20

JUST A DREAM

I was sitting by the stove, trying hard to study Botany, for we were going to have a test in it the following morning. After studying awhile, I grew tired, and began to day dream about commencement. No doubt about it—we would be the best looking class that ever graduated from the Waterloo High School. Right there I had to interrupt my train of thoughts to suppress a yawn. I was unusually drowsy, and could scarcely keep from going asleep.

A few moments later I opened my eyes, and realized that I had been sleeping; not only sleeping, but dreaming, too, and such a dream!

It seemed that about twenty years had elapsed, and that I was again in Waterloo. Not the same old place, for it was so changed that I only recognized the town pump and the standpipe.

Just at the edge of town stood a large tent, and to satisfy my curiosity, I went to the entrance and looked in. Everyone in the crowd, which consisted largely of negroes, was watching the man in the center, who was climbing rapidly up and down the tent pole.

At first I thought he was a circus performer, then I heard him repeating, "Come on, sinners, come on, sinners," and I knew at once

that he was my old friend, Ross Myers, but wonderfully changed.

Just across the street was another tent, and I went over to investigate. "Redpath Chautauqua" was written across the front. This was a familiar name, so I went in. If there wasn't Maude Breckbill as a cartoonist, and Helen DeLong, her assistant. They both looked much older.

It was very warm, and I needed something to cool me. The very idea! I'd just walk up to Beck's and get a lemon soda. When I got to the corner the store was much different. Across the front was written in big letters, "Palace of Sweets." The proprietor came to the door, and if it wasn't Celestian Royal. I knew him at once, even though he had lost all but one of his front teeth, but he didn't recognize me. He informed me that he had been running that store the last twenty years.

I began to get hungry, and as I crossed the street in search of a restaurant, my attention was attracted by some moving picture posters, "Everybody come and see the wonderful Basket Ball Champion." As I was always interested in Basket Ball and was tired, I decided that here I could rest. I took a dime from my pocket and handed it to the lady who sat in the ticket window. "No show here for less than fifty cents," she snapped, and by her snappy eyes and talk I knew this to be Helen Hawk.

I entered the show, but did not see a familiar face in the whole crowd. The picture started, and to my surprise, I saw Clyde Fales was the Champion. He looked about the same, and still had the air of a self-made man, very proud of his accomplishment.

There was a lady who sat next to me whose voice I recognized but could not place it. But later as I leaned forward I found her to be Lois Arthur.

The reel was over and a cheap vaudeville star was announced. A tall, portly—extremely so, and though I tried to avoid such rudeness, I fear I shall be forced to call her fat—middle aged lady came dancing out on the stage and began to sing, "Buddy." After she had finished, the man who ran the show came out and said in a matter of fact way that he was sure we all enjoyed the solo by Opal Fretz very much. She was accompanied by her pianist, Carrie Oster.

After the show I asked to talk with Opal and Carrie, so that I might gain some information. I asked them boldly what Robert Widdicombe was doing. "Oh," said Opal, "tomorrow he has his airplane race with Art Smith. Surely you are not so back-woodsy that you didn't know that."

"Why, certainly not," I managed to utter weakly, "and where is Blanche Melton?"

"Oh, she was disappointed in love. She is in Chicago now, in one of the leading millinery stores, posing as a model. Lois is living on a farm four miles out of Waterloo."

I determined to ask one more question. "And Ruth Price, where is she?"

"Very sad case; very sad and mysterious," said Carrie. "She disappeared about three weeks before commencement. It has always been thought that she was kidnaped, poor girl!"

That was enough. I made a dash for the door to get some air. Once more on the street, I bought a Waterloo Distress, thinking I might find out something else. On the first page I saw in big letters an account of Captain Velma Wertenbarger's expedition into Mexico. With her was Alice Sherwood, who had won fame as a Red Cross nurse. Velma, apparently, had organized a women's regiment and had been ordered to capture Villa, the second, dead or alive.

Looking thru the society notes, I found that Wilma Clark (only her name was not Clark now) had a great banquet in honor of a recent marriage, the bride being Mildred Markley. This did not surprise me, however.

I had walked slowly during this time, and when I glanced up, to my surprise, Dessa DeLong was coming toward me. She was the first of my classmates to recognize me. We were both surprised to see each other, for she, too, had heard of my mysterious disappearance, and I was surprised to see her in Waterloo. She told me that she had been teaching in the Waterloo schools for three years, and invited me to visit the old school once more.

No doubt at the mention of the old school I was aroused, for I didn't get to visit the old school house in my dream. My Botany was still unprepared, but I was glad to find that I had not been kidnaped.

—Ruth Price, '20

SOMEWHERE ON THE C. B. & Y.

There had been a heavy snow, and the tracks of the C. B. & Y. were very icy. All telegraph wires were broken by the clinging ice, and traffic was nearly at a stand still. Flyer No. 10 was leaving Butte, the division point, and the engineer and fireman knew that there were chances of meeting the local, which was stalled somewhere along the line.

After getting out of the city limits, the engineer, Pat Malone, opened her up for a ten-mile run up Cork-screw hill. As they roared on, mile after mile, the nerves of the watching men became more and more strained. After making the hill, the flyer again picked up on her speed. The two men in the cab knew that the local was somewhere ahead, and that they could not avoid the crash, even if warning were given.

At last it came. Pat discovered two gleaming red lights through the darkness. Without taking a second look he reversed, jammed the throttle shut and applied the air. Then with a cry, "There she is, Bill!" he jumped through the window, taking the sash with him,

Bill had a scoop of coal when the warning came. He dropped the shovel and jumped for the gangway. He was prevented from making his escape by the handle of the shovel, which tripped him and sent him crashing to the floor. He knew that there was no chance now to jump; it was too late, and he lay there on the floor, waiting for the crash.

Finally the train came to a stand still with a sudden jerk. The fireman arose nervously to his feet, and all he could see ahead was the bright gleam of the headlight. The engine of the local was standing on the siding opposite the flyer. The crew of the local scrambled out to learn the cause of the stop. Then Bill thought of the engineer, Pat Malone, who had probably been killed. The crews of both trains went back and began a search. Pat was found kicking in the snow, with the window sash around his neck.

He was dragged out of the snow, and was found to be uninjured. All he said to the crew of the local was, "Why didn't you have the green lace curtain salesman out, and why didn't you duck the tail lights?"

—Hugh Farrington, '21

FOUR THOUSAND MILES ON TWO BITS

About the year 1928 I decided to take a trip. I thought it would be fun to see how cheap I could make a trip of some unusual distance, so with only fifty cents on my person I started toward the railroad, which was about two miles from my home.

I arrived at the railroad bank, and to my pleasure saw a whole string of side door Pullmans coming leisurely along. I thought, here's my chance, and when it got to me, I hooked a rather cozy looking one, and was soon making my way along it. I thought I would like to get inside of the old boy, so I swung myself from the side of the car top into the open door. I was so excited that I had not regarded in which direction the train was moving.

This car was certainly cozy, because it was occupied by at least thirty of the hardest looking "Bos" that ever rode a brake beam. Now, I didn't like this company, and proceeded immediately to rid myself of these pests. When they saw what I was doing they started to do the same thing, and a big struggle we certainly had. Finally we had the car cleared so that there was only one "bum" beside myself left in the car. He was about the hardest looking of them all. I thought that one "Bo" with me would not be so bad, so I waved my flag of truce, and we stood and stared at each other for a full minute.

I thought I saw something familiar about him, so I asked him where he started from. He mentioned my neighboring village, and then I recognized him as my old high school pal, Robert Bonfiglio.

I said, "Hello, old pal! How are you, anyway, and what made

you take up this life?" He was on the verge of telling me to mind my own business, when he said, "I'll be gum-swoozled if it ain't old John McGiffin! Do you remember what you used to say when you met me on the street?"

I said I believed I did, and began to rattle off in as near Irish dialect as I could remember, "Sure an' it's me that's niver expecting to see you on a car like this, me bye." Then I repeated my former question, and found out that he was out for a cheap good time as well as myself.

While this was going on we were drawing nearer and nearer to old Chicago, and now we were within the limits. How we were to escape the vigilance of the car inspector, we had no idea, so we withdrew to the far corners of the car and went to sleep.

About midnight I awoke and crept to the open door. There was no one in sight just then, so we jumped from our car and fled toward the boulevard lights of South Chicago. The next morning we managed to clamber aboard a west bound freight, but had to ride in an uncomfortable coal car. We were getting hungry, so at M———, Minnesota, we climbed off for something to eat. This was a hard meal to get, but I managed to get it for doing a little hard work, then I went back to the car and saw Bob lying there, holding his stomach. I asked him what was the matter, and he said that he had been unfortunate in his quest for eats, so I started out to get him some food. I went to a farm house this time, and the lady gave me food in plenty and put some in a sack. This food certainly did Bob a lot of good, and we retained some of it for our next meal.

We boarded a freight and were soon outside the city limits. The next town I stopped at they took me in custody as being a suspicious character. Here I got a good meal and a warm place to sleep, too, free. The next morning, after giving me my breakfast, they told me to leave town without delay. I promised to leave as soon as I could get a shave, so I made my way to a barber shop, where I told the barber I was broke, but he said I should get in the chair anyway, and he gave me a good shave for nothing. After he had finished he told me to go to his house and dig a dishpan full of potatoes for his wife. I went and got the pan, but I watched my chance and left the pan in the potato patch and left town, as they had told me to.

At this time I was two thousand miles from home, and had not spent a cent, but I thought I had better start for home. The grub came easy for me now, and I was getting fat. I got a little work to do that day, helping a farmer, and he gave me three good meals, and a dollar besides; that's what I call luck. I wondered how my old pal, Bob, was faring, as I had not seen him since the night I spent in the cooler.

My trip home was as adventurous as my trip out, but I arrived in Chicago all right. Then I ran across old Bob. He was broke, and I gave him two bits, which he took with many thanks, and left me to get some supper. I saw him about thirty minutes later and we

traveled home together. When I reached home and looked at my books, I found that I was one dollar to the good, and still had two bits left of the half dollar I started with.

Bob is still with me, and has given up these free rides as a bad job. He works now in my ice cream parlor, and a mighty fine fellow he is, too.

—John McGiffin, '21

AN OLD LOG CABIN

Roberta, filled with burning resentment, skated slowly toward the west end of the lake. Tears blinded her; several times she stumbled and nearly fell, but she would not turn back. The afternoon was growing old. The sun had ceased to send its warming rays over the frozen lake and had sunk beneath the purple hills. The wind, growing ever stronger, caught the falling snowflakes and whirled them into every nook and corner.

The last of the skaters were laughing and talking as they started up the hill toward their various homes. None of them gave a thought to Roberta, better known as Bob; even Ted, her best chum, as he glanced thru the crowd and saw that she was not there, thought that she must have gone home with the first bunch of skaters.

Poor Bob's thoughts were very bitter. For the first time in her joyous, carefree life she hated everybody and everything. She had been neglected and practically snubbed, and the worst of it was, it had been her own chum that had snubbed her. These were the thoughts that burned into her heart as she skated onward. Ted had said to her last night after school, "See you tomorrow," so of course she had taken it for granted that he would stop for her on his way to the lake. But he didn't, so when the girls came along she had gone with them. But Ted was not at the lake, and when he did come—Bob's heart gave a quick throb of pain at the very thought of it—when he did come, he had brought with him a strange girl, a beautiful, dainty little creature, who glided over the ice on the skates like a fairy, and who had captivated the heart of every boy there. This was what hurt Bob so now. Ted had neglected her for that girl. True, he had skated with her once, but both had been silent. Most of his time he spent with Miss Grayson. When she could stand it no longer she had started away toward the other end of the lake, where she would be alone.

Now as Bob came to the shore, she decided to go up to the old log cabin and build a fire. The log cabin served for various purposes—picnics, weenie roasts and the like—and everything was always ready for a fire. Had she been thinking of the cabin, Bob would have noticed that smoke was curling out of the chimney, but her mind was

full of other thoughts, so when she swung open the door and the blaze of the fire greeted her, she was very much startled. Glancing around the little room, she saw that it was furnished comfortably and that no one there. Quite as if she had the right, she crossed the room and sank upon a small couch before the fire. Laying her head in her arms, she cried out her aching heart, and soon fell asleep from pure exhaustion.

When Bob first opened her eyes, the sunlight was pouring in at the window and the air was filled with a delicious odor of coffee. A heavy blanket had been thrown over her, and by the side of the couch sat a beautiful, large Scotch Collie, looking at her with friendly eyes. As she sat up, the dog, wagging his tail joyously, put his front paws up on her lap. The ache was all gone from Bob's heart, and the same old feeling of gladness came back to her. With one sweep of her arms she gathered the dog to her and held him tight.

Just at that moment the door opened and a laughing, boyish man came in with an armful of wood.

"Good morning," he greeted her cheerily. Bob sprang to her feet. "Good morning," she said, "I'm afraid I've intruded, and when I came I had no intention of staying all night." The smile on his face spread to a broad grin. "I was a little surprised myself, when I came in and found a young lady sleeping on my couch, and you looked so tired I thought I would let you sleep." He did not add that he had also seen traces of tears on her cheeks, and so knew that something had gone wrong.

"I thank you for your kindness." Bob stooped to pick up her skates. "I must be getting home before Mother finds out that I didn't stay with Marie all night, and begins to worry."

"You will eat breakfast with me before you go, won't you?" He busied himself with getting things on the table, without waiting for her reply. Bob hesitated a moment; she was not afraid; she liked the frank, open expression on his face. Strangely, she felt very much at home, as if she had known him always. Then the thrill of adventure stirred her. What a story she would have to tell of how she had breakfasted in the old log cabin with this handsome boy! He did seem like a boy, and he was handsome, and she was just eighteen.

"All right, I will, and I'm nearly famished, so please hurry." In a short time they were laughing and talking over their breakfast, quite as if they had known each other months instead of minutes. Such a time as they had doing the dishes! He was witty, all right, but he couldn't get ahead of Bob.

"I'm going to skate back across the lake with you if I may, Miss ah— a——?"

"Roberta Irwin," Bob promptly filled the pause, "and you may." "Edward Carney; at your service," he answered, as he got into his coat and hat and picked up the skates.

Skating back across the lake was a pleasure indeed, for both of them were excellent skaters. As they neared the opposite shore Ed

kept looking at Bob intently, and as he kneeled to unfasten her skates he said, "Miss Irwin, will you consider doing a favor for me?"

Bob's heart skipped a beat, but she answered exaggeratedly, "Oh, yes, Mr. Carney; I'd do anything for you."

Ed looked up quickly and saw the merry twinkle in her laughing blue eyes. "You little minx!" and then they both burst out laughing. "But I'm really serious about it," he said. "I'm studying to be an artist and came up to the mountains to paint winter scenes. The picture I am starting now is the sunset over the frozen lake about four o'clock in the afternoon. And I need a girl with skates on to complete the picture. Will you—could you—spare me a half hour at that time?"

Bob hesitated again. It would mean that she must work harder to get her lessons. Her mother would understand, as she always did. And she would be even with Ted! The thought made Bob answer, "If you want me I'll be glad to do it, but I can't see how you could want plain, little, insignificant me." As she spoke these words Bob looked anything but plain. Her eyes shone with sincerity, and her cheeks glowed with health.

"But I do want you," Ed replied earnestly. "I hope you will, if it will be possible for you."

"I will if I can; you may be sure of that."

"Then I will meet you here tomorrow at three-thirty and you may give me your answer." He looked at her intently for a minute and then held out his hand. "Good-bye until tomorrow."

"Goodbye." Bob turned and started over the hill, and was soon out of sight.

Mrs. Irwin had just called up Marie to find out why Bob didn't come home, when Bob opened the door and walked in.

"Oh, Mother!" Bob caught her mother around the waist and whirled her around the room. "I've had the most exciting time! I met the nicest boy, studying to be an artist, and had breakfast in the old log cabin with him." And before she had time to reply, Bob told her mother all about it.

"It's all right," she answered. "I'll go with you tomorrow and see what sort of a boy he is."

The next afternoon was only one of many afternoons. Bob's mother liked Edward Carney very much, and moreover she trusted Bob in his care. Thus the acquaintance grew in a friendship and the friendship into comradeship. Bob studied hard, and many times Edward spent the evening in her home, helping her with her Virgil and geometry. She saw very little of Ted in the weeks that followed her meeting with Edward. He tried to make a date with her, but she was always busy, and he soon stopped asking and devoted his time to Miss Grayson.

Thus the winter passed, and Ed painted many pictures instead of one, with Bob as his model. Spring came, and with it Bob's nineteenth birthday. Her companionship with Ed thru the long winter

months had changed her a great deal. She was no longer the care-free and irresponsible. She had passed from girlhood to womanhood, and the change was sweet. Her mother saw it and hated it, for she knew what it meant.

But the days were happy ones for Bob and Ed, until the time came when he must go, and he had a heart to heart talk with Bob's mother. That evening Ed and Bob strolled down to the bank of the lake, around the shore and up to the old log cabin. As they sat together on the porch and watched the sunset, Ed gathered Bob's hands tight into both his own.

"Bob, it was just eight months ago tonight that I came in and found you sleeping on my couch. How surprised I was! But oh, how fortunate! Bob—Bob Girl," his voice faltered, "I've loved you since that morning when you first said, 'Good morning.' I can't remember the time before you came into my life. Must you go out of it now that I am going away for a few months. Bob, I've talked with your mother, and have permission to tell you. Will you marry me, Bob, dear? Could I make you happy always? Do you love me?"

Bob's heart beat so that it almost suffocated her, but she turned her face away from the lake and looked straight into his eyes. "I'll answer your last question first. Yes, I love you, and only you could make me happy."

The sun, casting its last beams over the lake, lingered a moment at the sweet picture on the old log cabin porch, and then slowly sank out of sight.

—Ayleen Warner, '20



TO A WATER LILY

Oh, fragrant form, so light and fair,
Hast thou drifted thru the air;
Swanlike, floated to a nest
On the restless waves to rest?

Did'st thou float from mountain side,
Silently to the lake did glide,
Till o'er the lake the moon rose fair
And charmed you—resting peaceful there?

On the waves of azure blue,
With your white and golden hue,
When sun and moon upon you shine,
Give me your heart, or give back mine.

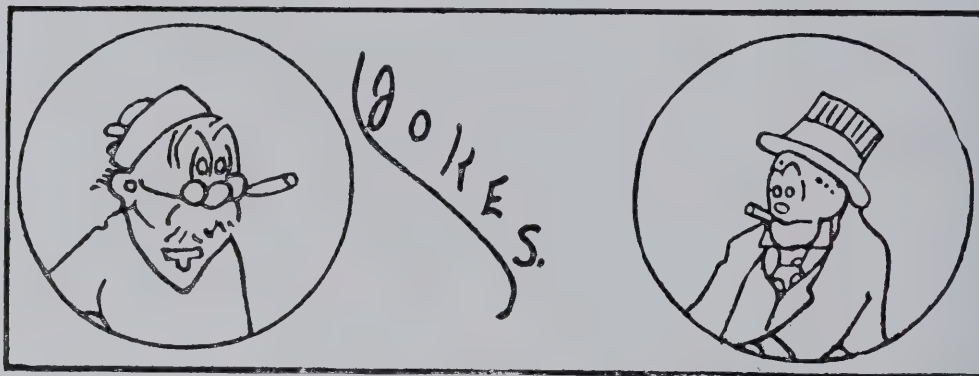
A SUMMER DAY

The summer sun peeps up at dawn,
When all is grey and still,
And shines on birds and dewey lawn,
As it climbs above the hill.

At noon its warmer rays drive home
The men from work in fields;
The cattle seek the sheltering trees
As shade to all they yield.

At night, when all day's work is done,
And man from labor free,
All nature seeks her well earned rest
And sleeps so peacefully.

—Lucile Whaling



We all know that John McGiffin is the biggest joke in the high school this year, but please don't let him know it.

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Mr. Forney (Geog. III.)—"When a man goes to some winter resort, what is the first thing he thinks about?" (Meaning weather.)

John Forney—"Money."

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Mr. Green (History II.)—"In Caesar's time a man could have two wives."

Hazel W.—"I'd be jealous."

Aileen F.—"I'd want mine all to myself."

Hazel W.—"Here too, Pete!"

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Mr. Forney (Geog. II.)—"Velma, name some animals of the northern zone."

Velma W.—"Horse, cow, pig and chickens."

Hugh F.—"Aw! They ain't animals."

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Flora D. (Caesar II.)—"Linqua is the ablative form of speculation." (Meaning specification.)

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Mr. Forney (Geog. III.)—"I know we do a lot of things monkeys do, but I don't know if monkeys can do all we do or not."

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Mary S.—"What is the abbreviation of dentist?"

Aileen F. (dreaming)—"Doc."

Mr. Woodcox—"I'm afraid they wouldn't come by that name."

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Harold W. (Hist. II.)—"He went through Hungry." (Meaning Hungry.)

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Mr. Forney (Geog. III.)—"In South America there is a species of lyre."

Cy Fee—"Yes, and there's a few right here at home."

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Flora Dixon (Hist. II.)—"I am never going to get married; it will save me getting a divorce."

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Mr. Forney (Geog. III.)—"Name some of the animals of the northern region, Hugh."

Hugh F.—"Deer."

Mr. Forney—"Yes, we have a few 'dears' left."

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Blanche B. (Eng. II.)—"I think the study room should be polished." (Meaning abolished.)

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Mr. Green (Hist. IV.)—"Ross, what do you think of the negro question?"

Ross Myers—"I don't like niggers."

Francis G.—"Ouch!"

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Miss Kroft (Eng. IV.)—"Why is it that Lady Macbeth does not lose her color when the ghost enters?"

Bob W.—"Maybe it was the kind that comes in a box."

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Bob W. (In Botany test)—"What is this leaf?"

Clyde F.—"Box elder."

Miss Kroft—"Shut up, Clyde!"

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Mr. Green (Com. Law)—"Orval, what are the two parties in this contract?"

Orval F.—"You and the street car."

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Francis G. (Com. Law)—"If a fellow goes with a girl six months, does he have to marry her?"

Mr. Green—"Yes, that's the law."

Bill M.—"That's a deuce of a note. I'm tripped."

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Bill M. (Eng. IV.)—"Did Macbeth kill himself, or did he just kick the bucket?"

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Opal F (coming through assembly room door)—"I wish they would knock out the partition between those two doors, so I could walk thru in comfort."

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Miss Kroft (Botany)—"Unfortunately, I have one absolute zero in the Senior class."

Bill M.—"Who got the goose-egg; me or Nig?"

* * * * *

Miss Kroft (Eng. IV.)—"Lancelot broke many hearts."

Bill M.—"He was a vampire."

Miss Kroft (Eng. IV)—“Who was born in the same year as Tennyson?”

Celestian Royal—“His brother.”

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Mr. Forney—“Many tourists visit the Alps, especially the Lords and Lordesses.”

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Miss Kroft (Eng. IV.)—“Was Queen Victoria’s husband called Prince Albert?”

Clyde Fales—“No; Bull Durham.”

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Mr. Green—“Mary, what is the function of the stomach?”

Mary—“The function of the stomach is to hold up the petticoat.”

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Miss Kroft—“There must be a division of that bunch. Clyde, you sit there (front row); Robert, you here.” (Indicating chair remote from Clyde.)

Ross M.—“Just like a game of checkers.”

Bob W.—“Bill, it’s your next move.”

Miss Kroft—“And that move will be out of the room.”

Bill M.—“Gee! Miss Kroft, that ain’t a move; it’s a jump.”

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Miss Kroft—“David, stop that wiggling. Are you sitting on a tack?”

David E.—“No’m; my woolen underwear.”

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John McG.—“Have you anything tonight, Dear?”

Maude W.—“Nothing to speak of, John.”

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Carlton M.—“Golly! I’m tired.”

Mary S.—“What have you been doing?”

Carlton—“Paw’s been setting fence posts, and I’ve been laying down and getting up so he could get ’em just ten feet apart.”

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Bob W.—“The hardest kind of wheat is spaghetti—I mean macaroni.”

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Ayleen—“Cotton right off the ship is the least expensive.”

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Maude B. (to pony)—“Hello, Honey!”

Cy Fee (right beside her)—“Hello!”

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Miss Kroft (Eng. IV)—“The Anglo-Saxons thought that when dead they would be taken directly to an eternal feast.”

Bill M.—“That would be a good place for Nig Goodwin.”

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Velma W. (Eng. IV).—“A heathen is a person who has not re-

ceived the light of Gospel."

Bob W.—"Bill must be a heathen, then."

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Miss Kroft (Eng. IV.)—"You often see these words on jewelry. What is it, Bob?"

Bob W.—"Don't know. I'm not interested. Ask Blanche."

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Velma (Hist. IV.)—"The colonists had to pay tax on tea and grass." (Meaning glass.)

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Mr. Green—"Ruth, you take this topic. I believe you would be a good lawyer."

Ruth—"Thank you, but most lawyers are liars."

Mr. Green—"Opal, take this one."

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Miss Kroft (Eng. IV.)—"What are the principal parts of the verb 'do'? (Looking around and seeing Ross talking) Ross!"

Ross—"Yes, Ma'am."

Miss Kroft—"No, they are not."

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Bob W. (Eng. IV.)—"You can sometimes kill an idea, but it doesn't die."

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Ross M. (Eng. IV.)—"Shall we spread the glory hand of slavery?" (Meaning gory hand.)

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Celestian R (Eng. IV.)—"If we ride with justice." (Meaning side with.)

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Opal Fretz—"No, I won't stay in town. I'll drive myself in from home."

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Alice Sherwood (to Maude B., leaving assembly room)—"You go first; I have the door in my hand."

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Miss Kroft (Botany)—"What is soil made of?"

Bill Myers—"Dirt."

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Bob Bon. (Botany)—"When does the cactus bloom?"

Carol Q.—"About Christmas."

Herbert W.—"What's that about me?"

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Celestian Royal (Eng. IV.)—"When the knight looked out of the window and saw the beautiful girl, he had an awful pain. He told his friend to look out, and he would have one, too."

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Mr. Woodcox (M. T.)—"Albert, go up town and get a mitre-box

and a saw." Albert Weicht goes and returns with a mortar box and hoe.

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Bob Bon (Botany—"In alternate arrangement, one leaf follows the other up the stem."

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Miss Kroft (Eng. IV., speaking of a bird that flew away with an elephant)—"Isn't it wonderful to think of a bird large enough to fly away with a grasshopper?"

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Miss Kroft (Eng. IV.)—"Mandeville told of a place where he saw the devils hopping around as thick as grasshoppers."

Bill M.—"Maybe he had been drinking hard cider."

* * * * *

Miss Kroft (Eng. IV.)—"Ross, don't talk while Helen is trying to recite."

Ross M.—"I didn't say nothin'."

Miss Kroft—"That may be, but you were doing a lot of talking."

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Helen DeLong (Eng. IV.)—"Sam Johnson mumbled prayers in Latin."

Bill Myers—"Swears in Latin!"

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Miss Kroft—"Johnson lived on Grub street, which was frequented by——"

Clyde Fales—"Grubs!"

* * * * *

Runt B.—"Didn't you hear me call you, Bill?"

Bill Clark—"Yes; didn't you hear me nod my head?"

* * * * *

Miss Kroft—"Ross Myers, you didn't study your lesson."

Ross—"I did, too."

Miss Kroft—"I didn't catch you at it."

Ross—"Oh, I'm too slick for you."

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Helen Dannells (Geom. III.)—"If in a right triangle the shorter side is twice the longer side——"

* * * * *

Mildred M. (Eng. IV.)—"I know folks that you love more every time you are with them."

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Bill Myers (Eng. IV.)—"Sam Johnson told Mrs. Porter that he would marry her for \$3,000, and she said, 'I'll take you up.'"

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Miss Green (Hist. IV.)—"What other state?"

Ross Myers—"Mashachewshets."

* * * * *

Runt B.—"What is your mouth for?"

Bill Myers—"To kiss with."

* * * * *

Mr. Green (Com. Law.)—"What are the non-essentials?"

Velma W.—"Dates."

Bill Clark—"Why, I should think dates would be the most essential."

* * * * *

Francis Goodwin (giving Current Event)—"Whiskey was sold in Louisiana yesterday for the first time since July first."

Miss Kroft—"Perhaps that explains your absence for the last several days."

* * * * *

Bob (in Eng.)—"Herbert was born in Whales." (Meaning Wales.)

* * * * *

Velma W.—"My dad said it was the form of a composition that counts."

Runt B.—"Well, what's wrong with my form?"

* * * * *

Irene F. (Eng. IV.)—"Milton's wife's life was happy until the end of her death."

Opal F.—"The devil fell out of Heaven."

Runt B.—"The devil out of Heaven!"

Velma W.—"Yep! God kicked him out."

* * * * *

M. M. (Geog. III.)—"The people at that time did not know the use of salts." (Meaning salt.)

* * * * *

Celestian R.—"I saw bread mold once on a car load of hay."

* * * * *

Miss Kroft (Botany)—"Where is the habitat of the blue green

Bill Myers—"Dears."

Miss Kroft (Botany)—"Where is the habitat of the blue green Algae?"

Orval F.—"In standing water that isn't running."

* * * * *

Miss Kroft (Botany)—"A parasite is a body that lives off of another body. Name one, Orval."

Orval F.—"Nig Goodwin. He lives off of his dad."

* * * * *

Nig Goodwin (Giving Current Event)—"The price of silk has gone up because of the ladies' short skirts, which demands extensive use of silk hose."

* * * * *

Russel Luce (Seeing John sitting by post in north basement)—"Two blocks together."

* * * * *

Miss Kroft—"The man said that he killed himself for rest."

John Mc.—“I guess I'll kill myself for rest.”

Ted F.—“Never mind; there is no rest for the wicked.”

* * * * *

Miss Kroft—“Where do trees store water?”

Carolyn—“In their trunk.”

* * * * *

Miss Kroft—“Hugh, what did that picture of that big potato with the small one laid on it represent?”

Hugh F.—“Oh, it was a sort of a ‘Ducky on the Rock.’”

* * * * *

Ross Myers—“This is a cheese's plant.”

Miss Kroft—“Oh, no; it's not.”

Ross Myers—“Yes, it is; here is the cheese.”

* * * * *

Miss Kroft—“Ralph, what kind of wheat do you grow?”

Ralph Ayers—“I don't grow the beard.”

* * * * *

Bob W. (To Orval, drawing root on board and omitting hear-like root)—“Orval, you had better use hair tonic on that.”

* * * * *

Miss Leininger—“What was Patrick Henry?”

Russel Luce—“An Irishman.”

Miss Leininger—“And so are you.”

* * * * *

Cy Fee—“I can't find my book.”

Hugh F.—“Call Hawkshaw.”

* * * * *

John Mc.—“Some boys were digging for a pint of whiskey and the police made them stop and took them to court.”

Hugh F.—“I'll bet the police hurried back and got the whiskey.”

* * * * *

Russel Luce—“The thread of the story is what holds the book together.”

* * * * *

John F.—“Lucile is sticking me with a compass; she's trying to find out which way is north.”

* * * * *

Miss Kroft (Latin I.)—“What word was derived from the Latin word, ‘portat’?”

Justin G.—“Potato!”

* * * * *

Miss Kroft (Kenneth H. having written only part of work on board)—“Is that all you know?”

* * * * *

Mr. Green (to Alva M., making much noise coming in the room)—“Why do you come in that way?”

Alva A. (Thinking he meant thru door)—“I had to come in that way or thru the window.”

Miss Kroft (To Richard D., who was looking to see if Maude's work was correct)—"Richard, when I need an assistant, I'll call on you."

* * * * *

Richard D. (Venus L. having made A on composition)—"She's some authcr; if you look on page 182 you'll find the same thing."

* * * * *

Mr. Green (Finding porch spelled poarch)—"This fellow must have been thinking of poached eggs when he wrote this."

* * * * *

Maude—"I wish you wouldn't wear that pen in your breast pocket."

Richard D.—"Why, Dear?"

Maude—"I am continually running it in my eye."

* * * * *

Miss Kroft (Latin I.)—"Why did Ruth use Mora instead of Moram?"

Carl Till—"Because Mora is right."

* * * * *

Alfred K.—"I'm going to see a swell Jane tonight."

Albert W.—"Couldn't you dig me up one?"

Alfred K.—"Wouldn't you rather have a live one?"

* * * * *

Green (English I.)—"Geraldine, how do you spell that T double O?"

* * * * *

Albert W. (To Miss Kroft, who is translating Latin sentence)—"Say, where's your man?"

* * * * *

Archie H.—"Aileen, there is just one thing I like about you."

Aileen F.—"And what is that?"

Archie—"My arm."

* * * * *

Miss Kroft—"Can't you sit any place except on that end?"

Alfred K.—"I thought maybe you wouldn't like it if I didn't sit in the same place every time."

* * * * *

Maude—"What is the difference between a kiss and a sewing machine?"

Ethel—"I don't know."

Maude—"One sews seams nice, and the other seems so nice."

* * * * *

Glen—"You have your father's eyes, Dear."

Eunice—"Aw, go on!"

Clcn—"And your mother's hair."

Eunice—"Be still! If mother hears you she will make me take it off,"

Carl T.—“Do nuts grow on trees?”

Mr. Green—“They do.”

Carl—“Where does the doughnut grow?”

* * * * *

John Mc.—“Please let me hold your hand a minute, won't you?”

Mildred S.—“All right, but how will you know when the minute is up?”

John—“Oh, I'll hold your second hand for that.”

* * * * *

Mr. Green (Talking about young cowbirds)—“I guess we will have to call them calfbirds.”

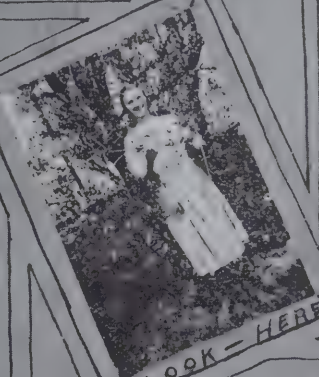
* * * * *

Miss Kroft—“All those on back row be ready to recite tomorrow.”
(Carl Till being only one on back row.)

* * * * *

John Forney—“Alcohol is a liquid that is good for preserving; that's why Bill Myers is in such a good state of preservation.”

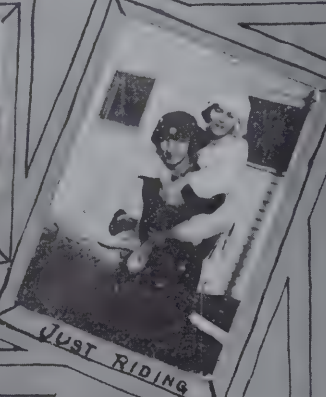
SNAP
SHOTS



LOOK - HERE



"PRIM"



JUST RIDING

1920
W.H.S.



OF MY I OF MY!!!

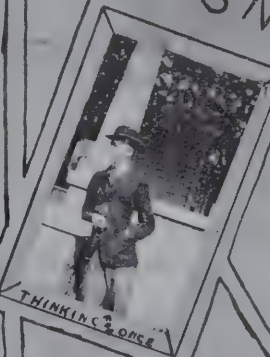


INVALID



NEW CASES???

"SNAP SHOTS"



THINKING OVER



WHOSE??



BASHFUL-SAM



Name	Nickname	Hates Most	Likes Most	Ambition	Greatest Trouble
Lois Arthur	Art	Character Sketch	A Saxon	Movie Actress	Her Powder Puff
Anona Bensing	Runt	School	Cy	To Cook 4 2	Growing
Maude Brechbill	Jerry	Botany	Cats	An Old Maid	Sebastian
Wilma Clark	Billy	To Say Good-bye	A Diamond	Good Housekeeper	To remember
Helen DeLong	Dumplin	Her Nickname	Basket Ball	To Be Slim	Catching a Joke
Dessa DeLong	Sis	Foolishness	Harold	Suffragette	Getting Acquainted
Clyde Fales	Didy	Applause	Lanky's Brother	To be a "Star"	Fixing Dates
Opal Fretz	Ope	Cooking	Good Time	To Weigh 100	Her Giddiness
Irene Frick	Renie	To be Bossed	Editor's Cousin	Opera Singer	To Make a Speech
Helen Hawk	Hen	English	Auburn	To be Loved	Eating
Blanche Melton	Blondy	Society	Clarence	To be Short	To Recite
Ross Myers	Bill	Wild Ones	"Little" Girls	To Get A in Eng.	To Be on Time
Mildred Markley	Midy	Disappointment	Cave Man Stuff	To be Married	To Decide
Carrie Oster	Toots	Work	To Study	2 Have 1	2 Find 1
Ruth Price	Dutch	Nigger	Ex-Editor R. B.	Settle Down	Sending Mail
Celestian Royal	Sebastian	Wild Wimmin	To Dry Dishes	Preacher	Getting Dates
Alice Sherwood	Ackie	Frivolity	Hair Dressing	Art Teacher	Blushing
Velma Wertenbarger	Vel	Memories	Everybody	2 Teach 1	Her Giggle
Ayleen Warner	Jean	Nothing	Wink-um	To Have and to Hold	To Keep Still
Robert Widdicombe	Bob	Girls	Draw	Ask Him	Bashfulness
Ruth Shippy	Rufus	Hair Dressing	?	To Flirt	Trying to Bluff

All Sorts

Previous annuals all remind us
 We can make this one sublime,
 If our fellow classmates give us
 All sorts all the time.
 Here a little, there a little,
 Story, school note, hit or jest.
 If we want a real good annual,
 Each of us must do our best.

Favorite Songs of the Seniors

Dessa DeLong—A little bit of honey.
 Anona Bensing—I love you all the more for losing you awhile.
 Mildred Markley—Somebody misses somebody's kisses.
 Ayleen Warner—Gee, but I'd like to tumble in love!
 Carrie Oster—I'm looking for a sweetheart.
 Robert Widdicombe—Give me the moonlight, give me the girl, and
 leave the rest to me.
 Clyde Fales—Whose little heart are you breaking now?
 Lois Arthur—I'm going to make a man out of you.
 Velma Wertenbarger—There's a little spark of love still burning..
 Ruth Shippy—It's never too late to be sorry.
 Helen DeLong—You can't expect kisses from me.
 Ross Myers—I won't be home until morning.
 Blanche Melton—Love, here's my heart.
 Wilma Clark—Love o' mine.
 Alice Sherwood—Lady fair.
 Maude Breckbill—Pal o' Mine.
 Opal Fretz—You can't stop me dreaming of you.
 Celestian Royal—You never can be sure about the girls.
 Helen Hawk—Somewhere a heart is breaking.
 Ruth Price—Let the rest of the world go by.
 Irene Frick—Someone is waiting for someone.

Where will prices go? by jing!
 It's terrible, I vow;
 The snow's about the only thing
 That's coming down right now.

No Joke

When a pupil makes a mistake, it is a mistake; but when a teacher
 makes a mistake, it is an error of judgment.

His feet kept him out of the army.
Flat?
No, cold!

Scout—"I was out motoring the other morning, and I came to a river, but could find no means of getting the machine over."
Scoutmaster—"Well, what did you do?"
Scout—"Oh, I sat down and thought it over."

The High School cases are quite numerous,
As well as quite mysterious,
When Fee and Haycox appear humorous
When trying to be serious.

The Wise Fool

"No man likes a quitter."
"Unless the quitter happens to be a book agent," commented the fool.

Men are like tea.
How so?
Their real strength is not drawn out until they get into hot water.

Mrs. Pure—"What an immodest display!"
Her husband—"It is a rather short skirt."
Mrs. Pure—"I wasn't looking at the skirt. But she has arranged her hair so that it exposes the greater part of her ears."

High School Geometry

Given: Francis G. To prove: He is a Senior.
Given: Runt and Cy. To prove: There is no case.
Given: Miss Kroft. To prove: She's going to get married.
Given: John Bonecutter. To prove: He has a girl (besides Velma.)
Given: Freshies. To prove: They are not ripe.

Heard in the Senior Row

Wilma—"What are you going to teach?"
Mildred—"I guess I will teach Art."

"I vant some powder."
"Mennen's?"
"No, vimmin's."
"Scented?"
"No! I vill take it mit me."

Sophomore—"Pardon me for walking on your feet, little man,"

Freshman—"Oh, don't mention it! I walk on them every day."

"Do you like bow legs?"

"Yes, they give one such an arch look."

Want Ads

Wanted—A girl; not particular.—John Bonecutter.

Wanted—Hair dresser.—Dessa DeLong.

Wanted—Chauffeur for my Packard.—Clyde Fales.

Wanted—The free mail system abolished.—Mr. Forney.

Wanted—Someone to call me in the morning.—Bill Myers.

He—"I know you love me, Dearest."

She—"Then I can never marry you."

He—"Why not?"

She—"Because I have sworn never to marry a man who knows more than I do."

No Wonder

The ancients thought the world was flat.

I'm really not surprised at that.

We'd find it flat, I dare to say,

If we were living in their day.

Just think! They had no autos then,

No show girls to delight the men,

No pipes to smoke, and no cigars,

No cocktails served at handsome bars,

No bridge to play and no pink teas,

No liners speeding o'er the seas,

No yellow journals and no flats,

No women's monstrous picture hats,

No tariff problems to attack,

No gowns that button up the back,

No end-seat hogs, with manners rude,

No monkeying with the price of food,

No ice bills, no cold storage eggs,

No bunco steerers, and no yeggs,

No trolley cars, with clang and whir,

No chorus girls to keep things astir.

Say, is it any wonder that

The ancients thought the world was flat?

A captain of industry was addressing the students of a college.

"All my success in life," he said, "I owe to only one thing—pluck. I want all you young men to take that for your motto—'Pluck!—Pluck!' "

He paused impressively, and a student in the front row queried: "Yes, sir, but won't you tell us how many and whom did you pluck?"

Investigators

A man struck a match to see if his gasoline tank was empty.—It wasn't.

A man patted a bull dog to see if it was friendly.—It wasn't.

A man looked in the muzzle of a gun to see if it was loaded.—It was.

A man touched a wire to see if it was charged.—It was.

A man speeded up to see if he could beat the train across the crossing.—He couldn't.

Meditation

(By William Myers Shakespeare)

When I was young and full of prunes,
I used to roam among the dunes,
Where crooned the azure breezed dank,
Along the old canalski bank.
I loved to stand and gaze on high,
And watch the crawfish amble by;
And knock the whiskers off their bills
With railroad spikes and other pills.
Ah! Hist! Gay moonrise days of yore,
It certainly does make me sore
To realize that thou art past,
And youthful pleasures all are gassed.
Alone I sit upon my step.
Oh, how I wish I had some pep!
But no, my frame is full of rust,
And soon I'll croak, blow up, or bust!
No more for me the witching dump,
Where, as a happy, care-free chump,
I frolicked in the mud and mire,
Tomato cans and bricks and wire.
My eyes are dim, my knees are weak,
Spectacles hang upon my beak,
My teeth are loose, my hair is gray,
It's getting late; me for the hay.

A Dish of Mixed Pickles

John Barleycorn's body lies mouldering in the grave, but his soul goes marching on.

If a certain party runs again, he might adopt as his slogan, "He kept us out of sugar."

Many people have to pay so much for luxuries that they have nothing left for necessities.

Every man has believed at some time in his life that he could get the right telephone number the first time.

A good deal of the presidential timber seems to be second growth.

In spite of the increase of wages in other lines, the wages of sin remain about the same as formerly.

There is only one thing better than to have a little money in the bank, and that is to have a little more.

There hasn't been a pair of old shoes thrown at a bride and groom for two years. The guests just naturally hate to take them off.

Twenty Years Ago

Nobody swatted the fly.
 Nobody wore white shoes.
 Cream was five cents a pint.
 Cantaloupes were musk melons.
 Milk-shake was the favorite drink.
 You never heard of a "Tin-Lizzie."
 The hired girl drew one fifty a week.
 The butcher threw in a piece of liver.
 Strawstacks were burned instead of baled.
 You stuck tubes in your ears and listened to a phonograph for 10c.

Just Ask

Nig Goodwin about "What time does the next car go?"
 Bob Widdicombe about losing his watch.
 John Forney about "It's my wife."
 Bill Myers about "There's no use monkeying around any longer, I guess."
 Velma W. about her asking J. B. for a date.
 Clyde Fales about the trip to Angola.
 Hugh Farrington if the stove was heavy.

Of all the lovers under the skies,
 The puppy-lover is the one I despise.

He placed his arm around her, and whispered in her ear,
 "Have you any idea where I could get a good cold mug of beer?"
 (Note—No, Bill, M. didn't say this; 'tis just a made-up rhyme.)

She sits alone on the east side,
 And with the Juniors, he
 And a worst puppy-love affair than this,
 I'm sure I never did see.

They consume pounds of paper in note-writing,
 The east banister they've worn down an inch.
 They're always together in all sorts of weather;
 To guess who they are is a cinch.

There is a young man from Corunna,
 McGiffin is his name.
 We think he's a clown,

THE ROSEBUD

His deportment's 'way down,
But he's a wise bird, all the same.

He picks 'em young and he treats 'em rough,
But they fall for him, all the same.
He has broken the heart of many a lass,
And he's pretty hard on the Freshmen class,
But he says it's all in the game.

I could find lots of nice girls in our high school,
But as yet I'm untrammelled and free.
I don't mean that for a boast,
For the girl I love most
Is the girl who doesn't want me.

Bill Myers

He comes home in the morning, and leaves again at night,
But where he spends his midnight hours, we can't give any light.

Characteristics of High School Students

Freshie—Short pants; scared looks.
Sophomore—Flashy socks! lots of pep; no books.
Junior—Bunches of girls; pompadour.
Senior—Lofty looks; work no more.

We growl and grumble every day,
And at our lot we scoff;
Perhaps you wonder at our way,
But blame us not; it's Kroft.

Signs of the Times

When Mr. Green "bawls somebody out," it's a sign that he's going to apologize in a minute.

When you hear of anyone in the H. S. getting A in deportment, you have been misinformed.

When you see Miss Kroft smile, it's a sign that she has forgotten that she is in school.

When you see John Bonecutter almost awake, it's a sign that some girl has spoken to him.

Yesterday's yesterday while today is here.
Today is today 'till tomorrow appear.
Tomorrow's tomorrow until today is past.
But kisses are kisses as long as they last.

Witty Sayings

A little spark may smirk unseen.
Many are called, but few get up.

As you sew, so you must rip.

Friendship is more to be valued than love, for love is a thing a man can buy and a woman can get for nothing.

(In north basement, sitting by stove.) Bill Myers—"Say, Bob, we'll have veal stew after awhile; I'm roasting my calves."

Aileen and Archie are happy and gay;
You see them together almost any day—
In school room, on the campus,
On the street, any place,
But don't be mistaken. It's only a case.

The Annual is a wonderful thing; the school gets all the fame;
The printer gets all the money, and the editor gets the blame.

To Our Girl

Our Irene is the village queen;
She's sweeter every day;
Her love for both is plainly seen,
But others must stay away.
We're both in love with her, Alas!
And both attentions pay,
But neither knows the the things that pass
When he happens to be away.
Bob
Bill

Here's to the times we might have had.
Here's to the sweethearts we might have won.
Here's that we do the thing next time
That last time we should have done.
Here's to the girl that loved me,
Who promised she'd be true;
Here's hoping she's happy with some other man,
As I am, my dearie, with you.
Yes, here's to woman, present and past,
And those to come hereafter;
But if one should come here after me,
I'd have no cause for laughter.

To One, and Only One

Here's to the wings of love;
May they never moult a feather,
'Till my big boots and your little shoes
Are under the bed together.

Cy.

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CARS STORED

Wise Sayings by the Foolish

Turkey exports Turkey Eggs and Turkish Baths.—John Forney.
 You're never sure of a woman until you have her by your side,
 and then she may trip you.—Bill Myers.

The only time a hat pin is handy is when you want to clean out
 your pipe-stem.—Hugh Farrington.

I think work develops a man and makes him grow; that's why
 I am so big.—Nig Goodwin.

The principal import into the Philippines is teachers.—Bob
 Bonfiglio.

It takes a long time to build a good reputation, but it can be lost
 in a short time by somebody's gossiping.

Grand Order of Hobos

Grand Hobo	-----	Bill Myers
Hobo at Large	-----	John Forney
Drill Master	-----	Bob Widdicombe
Orderly	-----	Tim Fee
Pullman Porter	-----	Cy Fee
Committee on Gondolas	-----	John McGiffin, Stub Luce, Bob Bonfiglio
Chief Advisor	-----	Count Monte

A girl in your arms is worth two in somebody else's.

It's a long way up the fire escape (especially when you're carrying
 a stove.

An Ode to Tark, the Shark

There was a young fellow named Fales,
 At wrestling he was fast as snails
 A little fellow named Royal
 Once Tarquin did foil,
 Now Tarquin's out splitting the rails.

Woman's hair! Beautiful hair!
 What words of praise I'd utter—
 But oh! how sick it makes me feel
 To find it in the butter!

Lost—My deportment grade. Finder please return to John Mc.

Lost—My temper, in Fort Wayne.—Tim Fee.

Room to Rent—To a young gentleman, well ventilated.

Sale on Pants—Half off.

Wanted—An invigorating tonic.—John Bonecutter.

Wanted—A new face; everyone is tired of this one.—Nig Goodwin.

Wanted.—Someone to show me how to rise from a lowly position.—
 Clyde Fales.

Wanted—A boy to open some oysters, fifteen years old.

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GET THE BEST**

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and

FLORSHEIM SHOES

KAYE KLOTHING KO.

Auburn, Ind.

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"THE PRICES TALK STORE"

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Waterloo**

For Sale—Large Collie dog. Will eat anything. Very fond of children.

Personal

Will dear Bee please communicate?—J. F.

If M. is still true, will she meet me at the depot at 4:30?—Cave Man.

Wild oats make a bad autumn crop.



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A sure point for every word. Enough lead for a quarter million words.

A pencil of beauty—and a joy forever. Built with consummate jeweler skill. A mechanical marvel and a writing wonder.

A quarter replenishes the lead chamber. Leads come in various degrees of hardness. A handy eraser is under the handsome cap. A built-in clip insures against loss.

Made for pocket, chain, or handbag. Many attractive styles to choose from. Prices, \$1 and up. Come see the Eversharp and its famous writing mate the wonderful Tempoint Pen.

Herbert C. Willis, Printer.

CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER

- 8—School commences. Miss Kroft is back again.
- 9—Twenty-two Seniors. Ninety-six in W. H. S.
- 10—Music under new director, Mr. Woodcox.
- 11—Mr. Green wanted to start the new term in good, so he gave all his new students special topics.
- 12—Freshies still frightened.
- 15—Cicies decorate wall with their pennant.
- 16—Mr. Woodcox and boys busy on M. T. shop.
- 17—Seniors give Sophs a dog roast.
- 18—School closed to attend Kendallville fair.
- 19—Everyone in good spirits about the fair.
- 22—Botany class went to the cemetery to gather weeds.
- 23—Seniors have big quarrel among themselves.
- 24—Forney forbade any class parties or entertainments for the first six weeks.
- 25—Town students prove (in Eng. III.) that the parents of the country students are getting rich on the high prices.
- 26—Seniors elect Annual Staff.
- 29—Miss Kroft demands order at recess.
- 30—Soph girls informed by Green that they must act like ladies or that they'll be treated accordingly.

OCTOBER

- 1—Sang new (?) song, "Swanee River."
- 2—Angola fair. Wonder why Martha and Erda are absent?
- 3—W. H. S. basket ball boys play Ashley there. We win, of course.
- 6—Mr. Woodcox starts "flu" in the building. (Building the flue in the new manual training shop.)
- 7—Great curiosity for Freshmen. King and Queen of Belgium pass thru Waterloo. (I wonder where the Jack was?) P. S.—(And the Ace?)
- 8—First number of Lecture Course.
- 9—Mock trial. Herbert and John Mc. sent from Botany class.
- 10—Gerald tries to tell us that it is gravity that makes plants grow.
- 13—Waterman's house burns. Everybody goes, even Xmas.
- 14—Lecture by Miss Kroft. She gives us definitions of education.
- 15—Miss Kroft decided that the Seniors are more to be preferred as students than the Juniors, whom she drops.
- 16—New Domestic Science teacher arrives.
- 17—Ralph Ayers takes Aileen Fisher to Shoemaker's Corners.

SERVICE

For many of you school days are over. You will soon be entering on your life's work, and in it your success will be measured by the success you are able to render to the world.

It is the same with us. The success we have enjoyed in the past, and that we hope to enjoy in the future, we can attribute to SERVICE. Our idea of service is giving to you the Best Quality at the Lowest Legitimate Price; in selling it is not so much the sale we wish as the satisfied customer. That is our best advertisement.

OUR MOTTO: SATISFACTION OR YOUR MONEY BACK.

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AUBURN

Home of the Best in
Men's Clothing — Women's Ready to Wear — Carpets
Dry Goods

- 20—Mr. Woodcox back after week's vacation with the flu.
- 21—Ross was out so late Sunday night that he's still unable to come back to school.
- 22—What is the matter with Nigger's nose? Ask the Juniors.
- 23—Bill Myers showed up at last, but looks rather sleepy.
- 14—Anona comes to school with her apron on.
- 27—Mr. Forney refused to be toastmaster for tomorrow night, on account of his "cold." Queer his cold didn't bother him in his lecture to us this morning.
- 28—Great celebration. Upper classmen show under classmen a good time.
- 29—VACATION! Teachers go to Indianapolis for the rest of week.

NOVEMBER

- 3—Miss Kroft wears a diamond on third finger of left hand.
- 4—Presented with cards so that we can keep track of our errors in grammar. Cards rather small for some.
- 5—Martha Carper carries her arm in sling. Ask John F. Why.
- 6—Girls make doll hats in D. S. class.
- 7—In counting up marks on character cards, Juniors have less marks than Seniors. Crooked work.
- 10—Take up collection for mirror. Mr. Green is sick.
- 11—Seniors' rings come. Juniors have a pennant at last.
- 12—Mr. Moudy gives us a talk on his trip overseas.
- 13—Oh, Death! Mr. Green is back.
- 14—Ciceronian program. B. B. teams play Ligonier here.
- 17—Miss Kroft plays "Pretty Baby." She must have been thinking of an ex-Senior.
- 18—Seniors and Sophs have a party, which was forbidden by the faculty.
- 19—What a disappointment! The faculty didn't say anything about our party.
- 20—Janitor keeps names of those who dance at noon.
- 21—Miss Leininger keeps John F. after class. Poor kid!
- 24—Mr. Woodcox explains in Music that if we didn't pronounce "Hail" plain enough it might sound like something else.
- 25—Miss Kroft makes Junior boys carry waste paper off the floor.
- 25—Clark Ayers stays after school for throwing paper wads.
- 26—No school for the remainder of this week.

DECEMBER

- 1—Herbert holds Erda's hand and makes her blush. oh, My!
- 2—Furnace goes on a strike. Nig expelled until Xmas.
- 3—Ayleen found studying History during a Senior History test.
- 4—Talk on "Motives for Doing Things;" by Mr. Moudy.
- 5—Bob W. tries to tell us that miners work 30 hours a day.
- 8—Soph grade cards which disappeared are still missing.

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- 9—Teachers have clue concerning above.
- 10—Second number of Lecture Course.
- 11—Almost zero in the assembly room.
- 12—First Zedaethean program. Best this year.
- 15—Miss Leininger and John McC. have quarrel in English.
- 16—Miss Leininger says the Junior boys are all numbskulls.
- 17—Miss Kroft finds a bottle on her desk. Who's guilty?
- 18—Soph grade cards found at last.
- 19—Mr. Forney goes up town hunting stray sheep. Two weeks' vacation! Whoopee!

JANUARY

- 5—Santa Claus put in electric lights while we were gone. No more spooning in school now.
- 6—Freshmen get new pennant.
- 7—Mr. Green don't feel good. He ate a can of beans which he claims had worms in them.
- 8—Runt studied two periods in succession today. What's going to happen?
- 9—Another Freshman is wearing long pants.
- 12—Senior class play reviewed again.
- 13—Botany test. Some grades! Ask the Seniors.
- 14—Great fight between Lucile and Russel L.
- 15—Herbert W. writes a note.
- 16—Both B. B. boys and girls win great victories over Auburn.
- 19—Everybody starts cramming for exams.
- 20—Exams commence. Exemptions few and far between.
- 21—Third number of Lecture Course.
- 22—Exams! Exams! Exams!
- 23—History IV exam. Mr. Green has no heart.
- 26—Bunch in northeast corner of assembly room resolve to receive A in deportment the next half.
- 27—Martha Carper's beau came to school with Stub Luce.
- 28—Juniors were taking up a donation to buy flowers for Glen D., who was critically (?) ill, when he appeared on the scene.
- 29—David E. received 98% in English. Rather unusual.
- 30—High school attends farmers' institute.

FEBRUARY

- 2—Mr. Green comes to school with arm in sling. (The bird with the broken pinion.)
- 3—Miss Kroft got one of De Jeu's lucky cards.
- 4—Miss Kroft gave the Juniors a compliment—"Worst class she ever saw."
- 5—Operetta, "Paul Revere," started.
- 6—Miss Kroft failed all boys in Botany except Bob and Clyde. Wonder why?

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- 9—Mr. Green is late to school.
- 10—Miss Kroft has Botany, but Seniors in play didn't take it.
- 11—Mr. Forney kicked on the good behavior of the Juniors.
- 12—Kenneth and George visit school. Cards!
- 13—Senior class play. Great success, in spite of date.
- 16—Mary Speer has fallen love with Vonderhaar. Oh, my!
- 17—Bix was back, so we sang.
- 18—Miss Kroft's name on list of popular ladies at medicine show.
Here's hoping she wins.
- 20—B. B. teams go to Ligonier.
- 23—Seniors give class play at Corunna. Freshies have picture taken.
- 24—Miss Kroft has another Botany test.
- 25—Seventeen Senior girls try to decide on class day dresses.
- 26—Impossible. They can never decide.
- 27—Why not let "Galloping Dominoes" decide the question.

MARCH

- 1—Swell day. A good day to play hookey.
- 2—Oh, Death! The Civic books have come.
- 3—Bob and Velma change seats without Kroft's permission.
- 4—Rain! Rain! Rain!
- 5—W. H. S. defeats Pleasant Lake at tournament.
- 8—Green has grouch on. Unusual for him.
- 9—Archie and Aileen F. hold hands in hall, and that's not all.
- 10—Bob W. buys a pencil. First this year.
- 11—D. S. girls have a candy sale.
- 12—Bob W. moves to front of room. What a blessing to the ones in the northeast corner!
- 15—All students examined by doctors and nurse.
- 16—Freshies survive from their shock yesterday.
- 17—Ayleen W. offers Mr. Forney some peanuts.
- 18—Mr. Green forgot and rang the bell fifteen minutes early.
- 19—Seniors have candy sale. Miss Kroft threatens to resign if we have another.
- 22—Kroft was sick, but came to school in time to give test.
- 23—Senior boys deported from Botany. Much rejoicing.
- 24—Herbert W. asks Velma for date.
- 26—Home Special from Purdue.
- 29—Seniors have a surprise party on Mr. Green.
- 30—Sebastian falls off chair in English, with a little assistance from Bob.
- 31—Civics class has meeting of senators.

APRIL

- 1—Under classmen entertain upper classmen. All fools have a fine time.
- 2—Seniors repeat their play.

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- 5—"No heat, no work."
- 8—Mr. Green on the warpath today.
- 9—Ciceronian program.
- 11—Ayleen W. received a letter, which she read every fifteen minutes.
- 12—School goes off fine; Bob W. was absent.
- 13—Bill M. was absent.
- 14—Both Bill and Bob absent. What a relief!

MAY

- 3—Say, the term is almost over.
- 4—Runt goes to Botany and isn't bawled out.
- 5—All's quiet on the Potomac.
- 6—Ditto.
- 7—Zedalethean program.
- 9—Senior boys resolve not to study any more.
- 10—I guess they mean to keep their word.
- 13—The girls had better try the boys' plan.
- 14—Good-bye, books.
- 17—Sang this morning, for Miss Kroft felt good.
- 18—?
- 19—??
- 20—???
- 21—????
- 23—Baccalaureate.
- 26—Class day.
- 27—Commencement day.
- 28—Pleasure trips.

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Clark A. P. Long, '79, died at Waterloo, Ind., May 12, 1883.

Nettie Kelley, '85, died of consumption at Waterloo, Ind., August 10, 1891.

Nellie J. Carpenter, '91, died at Waterloo, Ind., October 30, 1892.

Edward E. Mitchell, '89, died at Kendallville, Ind., September 30, 1895.

Lena A. Rempis, '95, drowned in Crooked Lake, Steuben County, Ind., August 12, 1898.

Abbie Sinclair, '87, died of consumption at Pasadena, Cal., July 11, 1900.

Alice Fisher, '99, died at Waterloo, Ind., May 15, 1902.

Dr. Bernard M. Ackman, '90, died at Bethany Park, Morgan County, Ind., May 17, 1903.

Arthur Bonnell, '99, died at Fort Wayne, Ind.

Mrs. Ruth Closson Scoville, '99, died in California.

Lulu Knisely, '08, died of consumption at Waterloo, Ind., June 7, 1909.

Mrs. Jennie Swartz Fletcher, '96, died from burns at Waterloo, Ind., October 5, 1909.

James Matson, '12, died of typhoid fever at Bloomington, Ind., April 20, 1914.

Clark Williamson, '01, died at Waterloo, Ind., of consumption, April 26, 1913.

Edna Broughton Swartz, '11, died at Kendallville, Ind., April 18, 1918.

Vera Newcomer, '16, died at Fort Wayne, February 18, 1919.

Glen Stamets, '09, died at Minerva, Ohio, July 27, 1919.

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Ioa Zonker-Reed, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Lynn Imhoff, Elkhart, Ind.
Russell Strow, Waterloo.
LeRoy Campbell, Butler, Ind.
Nina Whaley-Hurd, Blakeslee, Ohio.

Class of 1917

Harold Fretz, Akron, Ohio.
William Smith, Corunna, Ind.
Mary McIntosh-McEntarfer, Waterloo.
Lula Kennedy-Schuster, Waterloo.
Alice Ridge, Butler, Ind.
Vera Nodine, Waterloo.
Mary Nodine, Waterloo.
Daisy Brown-Swigert, Ashley, Ind.
Frances Baxter, Waterloo.
Faye Till, Waterloo.
Charles Till, New York.
Joe Kirkpatrick, Corunna, Ind.
Waldo Bowman, Waterloo.
Charles Colby, Pontiac, Mich.
Thelma Eberly-Durst, Waterloo
Ethel Baker-Steele
Kalamazoo, Mich.
Willo Hinman, Waterloo.
Florence Schuster, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Jean Grimm-Curie, St. Joe, Ind.
Clarence Bowers, Waterloo.
Porothea Brown, Auburn, Ind.
Howard Dilgard, Waterloo.
Wilbur Bowman, Waterloo.

Class of 1918

Frank Forrest, Auburn, Ind.
Wilma Thomas, Corunna, Ind.
Helen Manroe, Corunna, Ind.
Hazel Edwards-Gerner, Garrett, Ind.
Darrei Smith, Butler, Ind.
Lynn Arthur, Waterloo.
Lydia Hines, R. R. No. 2, Waterloo.
Jack Moore, Waterloo.
Lester Lowman, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Joe Miser, Waterloo.

Class of 1919

LeRoy Hamp, Waterloo.
Helen Eberly, Waterloo.
Harold Strow Waterloo.
Oliver Miser, Corunna, Ind.
Vera Heign, Waterloo.
Harry Fisk, Waterloo.
Worden Brandon
Minneapolis, Minn.
George Speer, Waterloo.
Dannie Walker, Waterloo.
Ardis Childs, Corunna, Ind.
Irene McCague-Pierson, Waterloo.
Georgia Oster, Corunna, Ind.
Genivie Oster-Hartman, Corunna, Ind.
Georgia Fee, Waterloo.
Eston Fales, Waterloo.
Arthur Haycox, Waterloo.
Estelle Shippy, Corunna, Ind.
Clyde Hawk, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Lauretta Gfellers, Waterloo.
DeVon Bartholomew, Waterloo.
Russell Hamman, Waterloo.
Kenneth George, Waterloo.

(Note—The above addresses are correct as nearly as could be determined.)

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FANCY CANDIES

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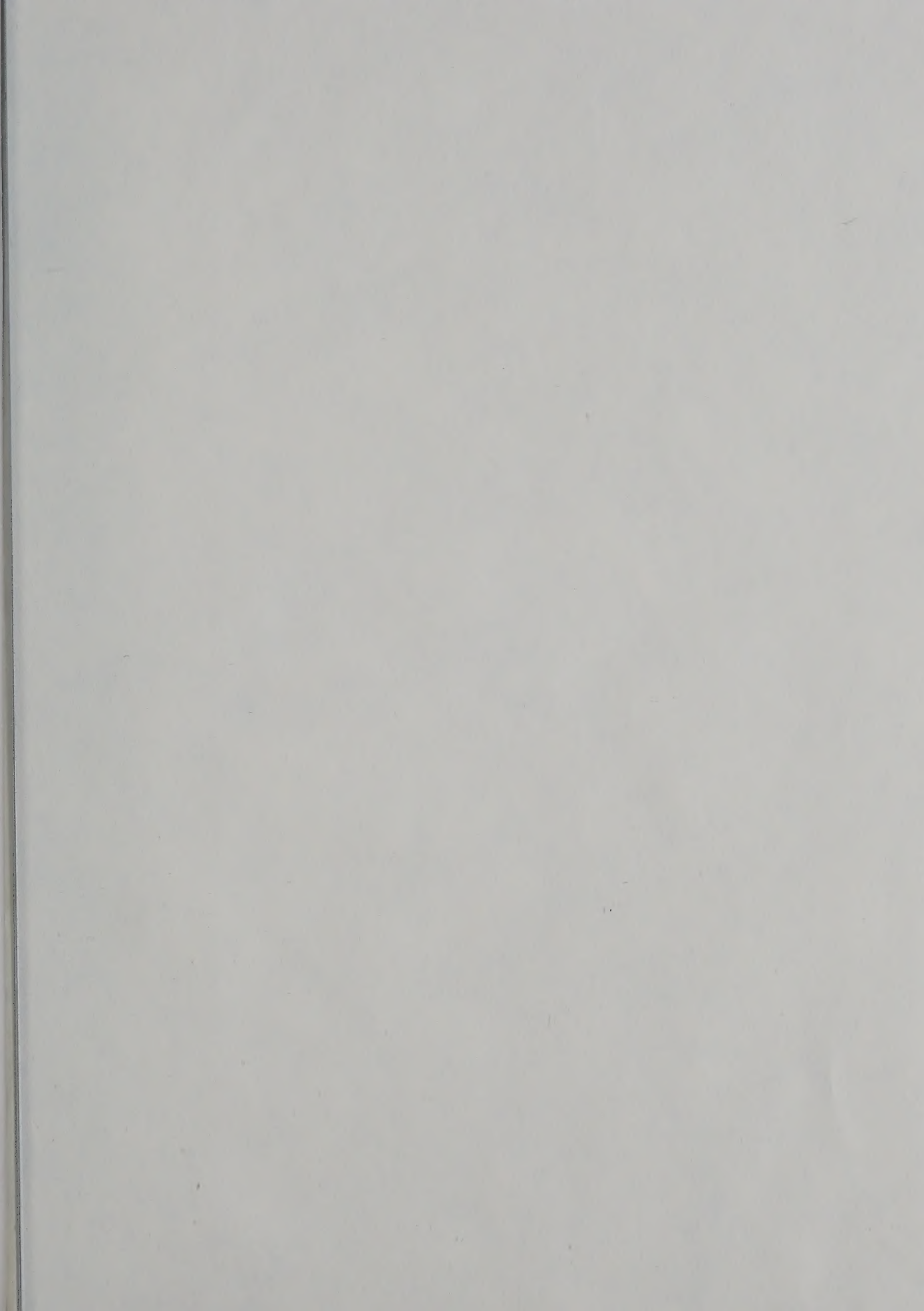
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